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# HUMOROUS HOMESPUN DIALOGUES

Original Comic Dialogues  
for Older Ones

BY

WILLIS N. BUGBEE

AUTHOR OF

*"Lively Dialogues," "Merry Little Dialogues," "The Pike-  
ville Centennial," "The Rocky Ridge Vaudeville Show,"  
"Uncle Ephraim's Summer Boarders," etc.*



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(M., Male. F., Female.)



## A DOZEN DON'T'S REGARDING THE PRESENTATION OF DIALOGUES.

---

DON'T select a dialogue or play without first considering whether your would-be performers have the ability to present it in a creditable manner.

DON'T assign important parts to those who cannot or will not attend all rehearsals, or to those who are extremely timid on the stage.

DON'T give an old man part to one who can do straight work better, or a Negro part to one who is a natural Irish comedian; in other words, assign the parts to fit the players.

DON'T attempt to direct or coach a dialogue until you have studied it carefully and understand, yourself, just how it should be presented—what expressions and gestures are needed to make it most effective.

DON'T stop rehearsing until every line is thoroughly memorized and every detail has been mastered. The first meeting should be for a reading of the play, the last one should be a full dress rehearsal.

DON'T think that the memorizing and reciting of the words alone will make your dialogue a success. There are many expressions, gestures, movements, etc., that are not given in the text, but are almost as essential as the words themselves.

DON'T allow unnecessary interruptions during rehearsals. Insist that all laughing, talking, joking, etc., be postponed until the rehearsal is over.

DON'T allow mumbling. Require that each and every one speak loud enough to be heard distinctly in all parts of the building.

DON'T be discouraged if the first few rehearsals do not seem to bring the results you expect. It takes considerable time and a *great* deal of patience before you may hope to attain the degree of perfection you desire.

DON'T fail to have all accessories (costumes, properties, etc.) on hand at just the proper time and proper place. A failure to do so may spoil the whole performance.

DON'T depend too much on the prompter. Although he is quite necessary to a well conducted entertainment, yet the least he has to do apparently, the more successful the performance.

DON'T trust to luck unless hard work goes with it. If you have assigned the parts *wisely*, drilled *thoroughly*, and attended to all the little details of the play, your success is reasonably assured.

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A few of the dialogues in this book admit of song, dance, musical or other specialties, as in "The Lawn Party," "The Beauty Doctor," "Reading The Weekly Banner," etc.

A few of them also depend very largely upon the "make-up." This may be accomplished with the simple materials obtainable in your own town. If prepared powders, ready-made beards, etc., are desired they may be obtained of the publishers of this book.

Only a few common tunes are called for in connection with these dialogues. These may be found in "College Songs" (*price 50 cents*), which will be sent postpaid by the publishers of this book on receipt of price.

## HUMOROUS HOMESPUN DIALOGUES

---

### AT THE TICKET OFFICE.

#### CHARACTERS.

UNCLE HIRAM.	AUNT MARTHA.
ELDER MASON.	MISS BLYE.
TICKET SELLER.	MISS EMMONS.
MRS. BUMPUS.	MRS. 'RASTUS JOHNSON.

*Any number of ticket buyers.*

SCENE: *A ticket office of theater. For the ticket seller an ordinary desk with a framework of wire netting arranged at the top. A small opening should be cut in this through which to pass tickets and money. A card hangs at desk bearing the word "CLOSED." One or two people may stand at the desk waiting.*

*Enter MISS BLYE and MISS EMMONS and take places in line.*

MISS B. My! We're awful early. The ticket office hasn't opened yet.

MISS E. (*looking at watch*). It only lacks two minutes. I guess we'd better wait, hadn't we?

MISS B. Why, of course. Then we'll be almost the first ones. We'll have a good choice of seats.

MISS E. I want to get just as near the front as possible. Last time I got so far back I could hardly hear what was said on the stage.

MISS B. Well, I'm always pretty lucky getting a good seat—but just look! See what's coming. Doesn't it make you think of verdant fields and country lanes?

MISS E. My! Aren't they specimens of rustic simplicity? I can almost breathe the pure country air.

*Enter* UNCLE HIRAM *and* AUNT MARTHA. *Both are dressed in very old-fashioned clothing. He carries umbrella tied up with string.*

UNCLE H. Wal, by jingo, here we be, Martha. I guess this is the place all right.

AUNT M. Wal, if ye ain't sure 'bout it, ye'd better ask somebody.

UNCLE H. (*to young ladies*). Is this the place where you buy tickets for the the-ay-ter?

MISS B. Yes, the ticket office will be open in a short time.

MISS E. But you will have to step into line and wait your turn. (*They take places behind* MISS B. *and* MISS E.)

UNCLE H. Ye see, young ladies, this is the fust time we've ever been to a the-ay-ter, an' we ain't quite got the hang of the thing yet.

MISS B. We suspected as much.

UNCLE H. Oh, ye did, eh? Thought we looked kinder green, did ye?

AUNT M. We wouldn't have come this time, I don't s'pose, if't hadn't been for our son Albert. He was bound an' detarmined we'd come to the the-ay-ter 'fore we went back to Squashville.

UNCLE H. Said thar was goin' to be a fust-class show this week but I forgot what he called it. Mebbe one of you ladies know what 'tis.

MISS E. Why, of course. It's "Romeo and Juliet."

UNCLE H. Oh, yes; now I recollect.

*During preceding conversation* MRS. BUMPUS, *a very fleshy lady, enters and takes place behind* UNCLE H. *Two or three others may enter at various times and join the line.*

AUNT M. I dunno's we'd oughter come arter all. I'd awfully hate to have some of the folks in our



church hear that we'd been to the the-ay-ter, 'specially Elder Mason. He's so set against dancin' an' sech things.

UNCLE H. I don't calc'late Elder Mason nor any the rest of 'em are goin' to know it—not by my tellin' anyway.

MRS. BUMPUS. My land sakes! Look out how you swing that old umbrella about. You most punched me in the eye with it.

MISS B. Dear me! I wish they'd hurry up and open that ticket office. I'm getting tired waiting.

MISS E. So am I. Seems as if we had been here ten minutes already.

*Enter* MRS. 'RASTUS JOHNSON.

AUNT M. Look, Hiram, there's a darky woman comin'?

UNCLE H. I s'pose likely she's goin' up into Nigger Heaven," as Albert tells about.

MRS. B. Good land, mister, you most squshed my toe.

UNCLE H. (*looking at her feet*). Wal, gee whillikers! How d'ye s'pose I'm goin' to help steppin' on 'em.

MRS. B. You might stand still for a little while and not be gawping around so much. (*The ticket window is opened. Ticket seller appears behind it.*)

MISS B. There! The window is open. I am so glad.

TICKET SELLER. Everybody get your tickets now. (*The line advances, each one calling for ticket at window, handing money to agent and receiving ticket and sometimes change in return. All pass off at R. The remarks may vary, as, "One for the balcony," "One for the center aisle," etc. It is not necessary, however, for all to be heard except where the conversation forms part of play, or during a lull.*)

MISS B. (*at window*). Where shall we get them for, Maggie, balcony or orchestra circle?

Miss E. I think I'd rather have them on the main floor well toward the front.

Miss B. We'll take two tickets, please, for D or E, center aisle. (*They receive tickets and exeunt R.*)

UNCLE H. Give me a couple of them tickets, mister.

TICKET SELLER. Where do you want them for?

UNCLE H. For this here the-ay-ter, of course. Where in tunket d'ye s'pose we want 'em for?

TICKET SELLER. What part of the house do you want to sit in?

UNCLE H. I dunno nuthin' 'bout the inside arrangement of this here buildin'. Ye see its's the fust time we've ever been here. We want the best seats ye've got.

TICKET SELLER. They'll cost you a dollar apiece.

UNCLE H. Gee whillikers, What d'ye think of that, Martha—dollar apiece.

AUNT M. My land! Ain't that an awful price? Say, mister, they never charge more'n ten cents down to Squashville for the very best seats.

TICKET SELLER. Well, this ain't Squashville, nor Pumpkinville, either.

UNCLE H. That's most as much as two bushels of potatoes are wuth.

TICKET SELLER. I can give you cheaper ones if you want.

MRS. JOHNSON. Fo' de lan' sakes! Hab we gotter wait hyah all day? Ain't yo' nebber gwine buy dem tickets?

GENTLEMEN (*in rear*). Hustle up, uncle. Give the rest of us a chance.

*Enter ELDER MASON and takes place in line.*

UNCLE H. Wal, I guess we'll take them dollar tickets. 'Tain't likely we'll get here again in five or six years. (*Hands money and receives tickets.*)

AUNT M. I do hope there won't anybody from Squashville see us goin' into this the-ay-ter. (*Looks*



around.) Wal, I declare, Hiram, jest look here.  
(*Nudges him.*)

UNCLE H. What is it, Martha?

AUNT M. If thar ain't Elder Mason waitin' to buy a ticket, too. Did ye ever see the beat of that?

UNCLE H. (*to ELDER M.*). Wal, wal, Elder, I didn't expect to see you here.

ELDER M. This is a great surprise to me, too, Brother Boggs. I—I—really—didn't expect to see you here, either.

UNCLE H. Ho! ho! Looks 's if we was in the same boat, don't it?

ELDER M. You see this is one of Shakespeare's plays and I am so devoted to his writings that it just seemed as if I must come and hear it.

AUNT M. And Albert was so set on our comin' that—wal, that's why *we're* here, but I don't expect we'll ever get here again.

UNCLE H. Wal, thar hain't no use of makin' excuses. We're here, an' that's all thar is to it.

ELDER M. Where are you going to sit, Brother Boggs? (*Looks at UNCLE H.'s tickets.*) If you'll wait a minute I'll try and get seats near by and we'll all sit together. (*ELDER M. steps to ticket window and gets ticket.*)

AUNT M. (*to UNCLE H.*) There's one thing about it, Hiram, I don't feel near so guilty about comin' as I did 'fore I saw Elder Mason. (*To ELDER M.*) Be ye ready? Let's hurry or we'll be late. (*Exeunt R.*)

CURTAIN.

## BACK TO THE LAND.

## CHARACTERS.

MR. JONES.

MRS. JONES.

BOB JONES.

SUSIE JONES.

FARMER STEBBINS.

BRIDGET.

SCENE I: *Sitting-room at the JONES' home in mid-winter.*

MR. and MRS. JONES, BOB and SUSIE are discovered.

MR. J. Well, Jane, I signed the lease today for our new summer home.

MRS. J. Did you, really? I am so glad. Now we can begin to make plans for a most delightful season.

SUSIE. Goody! Now Mabel Ross can't brag over me any more, just 'cause her folks go to the country and we don't.

BOB. Neither can Harold Banks brag over me.

MRS. J. I hope it will prove to be as nice a place as Mr. Hooper has described it. What did you think of it.

MR. J. To tell the truth, I couldn't see much of it. The snowbanks were about six feet high all around it. One thing certain, it isn't more than a block from the suburban trolley line.

MRS. J. How convenient that will be for you to get back and forth from the city.

MR. J. Yes, and there's a beautiful little lake but a short distance away and in full view from the front porch. It didn't look so very beautiful today, but I imagine it will in summer.

BOB. Gee! I can go boat riding every day. That'll suit me.

SUSIE. I guess you can take me once in a while.

BOB. Shucks! You'd be a regular 'fraid cat on the water.

SUSIE. No, I wouldn't, either.

MR. J. Besides, there's a garden and a barn connected with the place.

BOB. Oh, jiminy! I wish we could have a horse so's to ride horseback.

SUSIE. And I wish we could have a cow and some chickens and a pig.

BOB. Oh, ho, ho! A pig!

MRS. J. Will you hire some one to plant the garden, John?

MR. J. Hire some one? Not if I know it. That's where I'm going to spend my spare time this summer.

MRS. J. But you don't know anything about gardening.

MR. J. Well, I'd like to know if I don't. I was born and raised on a farm.

MRS. J. What kind of a farm?

MR. J. On a stock farm.

BOB. Maybe I'll help you in the garden when I ain't boat riding on the lake.

MR. J. I intend to raise all our own vegetables. That will make up for a good part of our rent, besides I'll be getting plenty of outdoor exercise and fresh air.

MRS. J. Maybe you'll get exercise and fresh air but I doubt your raising many vegetables.

MR. J. Just wait and see. I brought home a seed catalogue to make a selection of seeds from. (*Takes seed catalogue from pocket. Children sit on floor and look over the pictures.*)

SUSIE. Oh, my, ain't that pretty!

BOB. Oh, say, pa, I want you to raise some tomatoes and sauer kraut and onions.

SUSIE. And I want some green peas and macaroni.

BOB. Then you'll have to have cheese to go with it.

SUSIE. Cheese don't grow on plants, you goosey. They get it from cows. Say, pa, what kind of plant does maraoni grow on?

MR. J. It comes from Italy, Susie. I don't know anything about foreign plants.

MRS. J. I'd like a little of the garden for flowers.

MR. J. I guess we can spare part of it for you if you don't want too much.

MRS. J. I want enough to raise some sweet peas and asters and nasturtiums and petunias and verbenas—yes, and some marigolds and poppies and—

MR. J. Great Scott! The garden won't be big enough.

BOB. Oh, say, pa, are we going to keep chickens?

MR. J. It's just as your ma says.

BOB. 'Cause if we don't it tells here about egg plants, and if we raise them we could have all the fresh eggs we wanted.

SUSIE. And if we raised honeysuckles we could raise all the honey we wanted.

BOB. And if we don't keep a cow we might raise milkweed so's we could have plenty of milk.

SUSIE. And buttercups to make butter of.

MRS. J. Mercy sakes! What are you children talking about? Have you gone crazy?

BOB. Well, everybody that spends the summer in the country has plenty of fresh eggs and milk and chickens, don't they?

MR. J. The "lure of the country" has seized them, Jane. They can't help it. I guess we're all afflicted more or less that way.

MRS. J. When does our lease begin?

MR. J. The first of May and runs until the first of November—six months of rustic quietude and bliss.

MRS. J. That gives us—let me see—two months and a half to plan for it, and I think we'll need it. It's going to be such a new experience.

BOB. O, gee! I wish we could go right now.

*Enter* BRIDGET.

BRIDGET. Dinner's all ready, mum. (*Children rush out.*)

MRS. J. Yes, Bridget, we're coming. (*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II: *Dooryard of a dilapidated country place on the first of May.*

*Enter* MR. and MRS. JONES, BRIDGET and children, with baskets, suit cases, fish poles, etc.

SUSIE. Oh, ma, is this the place we're going to live in?

BOB. Jiminy crickets! 'Tain't so good as the house Johnny Flynn lives in.

MRS. J. Do you mean to say that this is the place you've leased for the summer, John? The place that Mr. Hooper described as such a *beautiful* spot?

MR. J. I don't see how there can be any mistake about it. It's the first house on the left from the trolley crossing and that's just what this is. I'll admit, though, that it's a ramshackle old place. It didn't look as bad as this last winter.

BRIDGET. It's a worse shanty than ony in Hooligan's flats, so it be.

MRS. J. Just see! The shingles are half off and it doesn't look as if it had ever been painted. It makes me just sick to think about it.

MR. J. The man agreed to have the goods here to furnish it with by the time we arrived, but I don't see any signs of them yet.

BOB (*returning from an exploring trip with SUSIE*). Pa, I thought you said there was a barn. There ain't nothing around there but a chicken coop.

MRS. J. Well, I must say I am terribly disappointed. I wish I could go right back to the city and stay there.

BOB. Oh, see the old codger coming up the road.



*Enter* FARMER STEBBINS.

MR. S. Howdy do, folks. Out for a leetle picnic?

MR. J. No, we've come to take possession of this house. We've rented it for the summer.

MR. S. Ye don't say ye've rented it to live in?

MR. J. Yes, but it doesn't seem to be just what we thought it was.

MR. S. Wal, I should say not. I swan, I didn't calc'late anybody'd ever live in this old shanty agin. Why, mister, thar hain't nobody lived here in ten years—not since an old darky by the name of 'Rastus Freeman lived here.

MRS. J. Oh, horrors! A colored man lived here?

MR. S. Yes, ma'am, but he had to move out 'cause it leaked so bad he couldn't stand it, an' the plasterin' was all droppin' off. 'Tain't been fixed up none since, either.

MRS. J. Oh, John, why didn't you find out about all this before. The idea of renting such a bare, tumble-down place as this. Why, there isn't even a porch.

MR. S. Thar used to be one but the posts rotted so they had to tear it down.

MRS. J. And not a sign of a shade tree near it.

MR. S. Hain't a tree on the place 'ceptin' a crab apple tree back of the house.

SUSIE. Oh, dear. I was in hopes there'd be a watermelon tree or a pumpkin tree. (MR. S. *laughs heartily*.)

BOB. You said there was a lake around somewhere, pa.

MR. S. Hain't nothin' but a frog pond over yonder (*points*), and that dries up every summer.

BRIDGET. Begorra, yez might bettther be livin' in a tint than sich a haythenish affair as the loikes uv this.

MR. J. You are right, Bridget, a tent would be better. I shall see Mr. Hooper at once and find out what he means by such trickery.

MR. S. Mr. Hooper?

MR. J. Yes, the man that owns the place.

MR. S. Mr. Hooper never owned this place since I've lived in this neighborhood an' that's ever since I was born. Jim Preston owns this property. A man by the name of Silas Hooper used to live about two miles below here.

MR. J. What? Isn't this Jackson's Crossing?

MR. S. Jackson's Crossin' is the second stop beyond. This is Piper's Crossin'.

MRS. J. Oh, then we've made a mistake, John.

BOB. Maybe we'll discover that lake yet.

SUSIE. And them pumpkin trees.

MR. J. We are very much obliged to you for the information, sir.

MR. S. Thar hain't no charges. (*Looks at watch.*) Now ye've got jist about two minutes to catch that next car 'cordin' to my figurin'.

BRIDGET. It's bad luck we're havin', but we'll come out all right in the ind. (*All hurry from stage.*)

CURTAIN.

## THE BEAUTY DOCTOR.

## CHARACTERS.

MADGE BROOKS, *a beauty specialist.*

KATIE, *her attendant.*

MISS GRAY, *a would-be actress.*

MRS. BUMPUS, *very fleshy.*

PATRICK MCGEE.

MRS. PATRICK MCGEE.

*If played by a girls' club PAT'S part may be assumed by a lady.*

*The faces of all characters require considerable making up. MADGE should appear as attractive as possible, and KATIE as a comely Irish girl. MISS GRAY'S face should be thickly dotted with brown face paint or lining color to indicate freckles. MRS. BUMPUS has a very red face and well padded form, an extra large dress being required. MR. and MRS. MCGEE are made up to represent an old Irish couple whose faces indicate a life of hard labor and privation.*

SCENE: *The office of MADGE BROOKS. A card hangs on the rear wall with the announcement:*

MADAME BROOKS

BEAUTY SPECIALIST

Office hours, 10 to 5.

*A table with numerous bottles (fancy), several chairs and a vibrator constitute the furnishings. The latter consists of a metallic ball attached to end of a long cord, the other end of cord being fastened to wall.*

MADGE *discovered busy at desk.*

MADGE. My friend, Jennie Brown, told me the truth when she wrote me that I ought to do a rat-



ting business here in my new profession of beauty specialist. I don't think I ever saw so many homely people congregated together in one village as there are in this one. I should think some of them would find it a terrible burden to carry their faces around with them, or at any rate, they would have a fatal shock when they look in the glass. Why, it's the exception to the rule to meet one really handsome person on the streets. Some of them have fine features but their complexion is bad; others have a perfect complexion but their features are horrible. If I can only get them to take treatments of me I can make very beautiful women out of some of them. I have hung out my shingle and done all I can to advertise myself. Now I must get my remedies and appliances ready so if any do chance to come I shall be prepared for them. (*Goes to L. and calls*) Katie!

KATIE (*outside*). Yis, mum.

*Enter KATIE, L.*

MADGE. It is nearly ten o'clock, Katie. We must have everything in ship shape order by the time my patients arrive. (*She is busy with bottles, etc.*)

KATIE. Do yez be afther expectin' some wan here this mornin', mum?

MADGE. I am not sure about it, but I hope so. There's need enough of their coming. You've finished dusting the furniture, haven't you?

KATIE. Yis, mum.

MADGE. And are quite sure you know how to run the electric massage now?

KATIE. Indade, mum, its as simple as a, b, c.

MADGE. Because I may ask you to help me with it if business is rushing. (*Bell rings.*) There's some-one coming now. (*KATIE goes to door.*)

*Enter MISS GRAY.*

MISS G. Is this Madame Brooks'?

MADGE. It is. What can I do for you?

MISS G. Well, I'll tell you, Madame. My name is Miss Gray, and you see I'm very anxious to go upon the stage, in fact I'm just dying to become an actress. Everybody tells me, however, that beauty is one of the first qualifications to be considered. Now, I realize that I am far from being beautiful, so I have come to you for advice. What is your opinion?

KATIE (*aside*). Begorra, I never did see so many freckles on one person's face in me loife. They're as thick as the fleas on the back uv a dog.

MADGE. Your complexion is very bad indeed, but with my wonderful lotion and other preparations your face can be made quite attractive.

MISS G. Oh, I am so glad. Now I can have my heart's desire—to become an actress. I should like to begin treatment just as soon as possible.

MADGE. Very well. Then you must follow my directions very carefully. (*Takes bottle from table.*) This is my "Lily White Face Lotion." You must saturate some cotton with this and bind upon your face at bed time, leaving it on over night. In the morning you will notice an improvement. After a few applications your freckles will all be gone and your face as clear and fair as an Easter lily. (*Hands bottle to MISS G.*)

MISS G. My! Won't that be delightful!

MADGE. But that isn't all. You must bathe at least once a day.

MISS G. I don't mind that. I could live in the water—like a fish.

MADGE. You must also take plenty of exercise.

MISS G. My new contortion dance will be just the thing for that.

MADGE. And above all, you must not eat pickles.

MISS G. Not eat pickles? Why, madame, I don't know how I can live without pickles. Sometimes they are all I eat for dinner.

MADGE. Well, if you really desire to become beautiful, you must abstain from their use.

MISS G. I will do my best to get along without them. Is that all, Madame?

MADGE. That is all now. I shall want you to call again in a week.

MISS G. What are your charges?

MADGE. My fee is ten dollars for the first treatment and two dollars apiece after that.

MISS G. Here is your money. (*Hands bill to MADGE.*) Now perhaps you would like to hear my new song.

MADGE. Oh, you needn't go to the trouble, thank you.

MISS G. It's no trouble at all. I shall be more than delighted to sing for you. (*She may sing some popular song, introducing dance steps if desired.*)

MADGE. That's very nice, I'm sure.

KATIE. Shure an' it has a phonograph bate to a frazzle.

MISS G. Shall I sing another stanza?

MADGE. I am sorry, but my time is too limited. We'll wait until your next visit.

KATIE. There's another lady waitin'. Shall I show her in, mum?

MADGE. Yes, show her in at once. (*KATIE opens door and beckons to some one outside.*) Good-bye, Miss Gray. (*Exit MISS G.*)

*Enter MRS. BUMPUS.*

MRS. B. I've come to see if you can't reduce my weight in some way. My husband says if I don't get rid of some of my avoirdupois before long, he's going to get a divorce. I've tried everything that I can think of, but nothing seems to do any good. Just at present I am dieting—eating nothing but a slice of toast at each meal, and yet I grow fatter and fatter every day.

MADGE. Your case is a very simple one. What you need most is exercise, or physical culture.

MRS. B. Exercise? Dear me. I think I have exercise enough already. I do all my own housework including washing and ironing and dressmaking and taking care of my seven children, besides looking after two boarders. What more can I do?

MADGE. You seem to have plenty of work, but it isn't what we call well regulated exercise. It lacks system.

MRS. B. You're a stranger, madame, and don't know me, but I have the reputation of being one of the best housekeepers in town.

MADGE. You misunderstand me. The exercises I refer to bring into action just those muscles that will reduce the weight and beautify the features. For instance, one of them is called the "liver squeezer." I will show you how it goes, then we'll try it together. (*MADGE stands with arms at side, then bends the body forward at waist with arms still hanging downward. She then swings first to right and then to left, body still bent forward.*)

MRS. B. (*after watching MADGE execute these movements*). Mercy sakes! Do you expect me to do all that? Why, I haven't been able to bend over far enough to lace my own shoes in ten years. My husband always does it for me.

MADGE. You may not be able to do it very well at first, but you will get so you can do it after a while. Now let us do it together. Ready. (*Both go through the movements as directed above. MRS. B. makes ludicrous work of bending forward. KATIE stands at rear and imitates all movements.*)

KATIE (*aside*). Faith, an' she looks for all the world loike wan uv thim trick elephants I saw in the circus.

MADGE. That's doing first rate to begin with. I shall want you to devote at least ten minutes every morning and night to this kind of exercise.



MRS. B. (*panting*). My! I'm just about tuckered out now.

MADGE. You'll get used to it sooner than you imagine. Just stick to it until you begin to grow thinner. Then another thing—you mustn't eat fats of any kind. At the end of the week come and see me again. (*Bell rings.*)

MRS. B. Well, good-bye. I'll try it if it kills me. (*Exit.*)

KATIE. A couple of more patients, mum. They're beginnin' to come in two by two.

MADGE. I'm all ready for them, Katie. (*KATIE opens door.*)

*Enter* PATRICK MCGEE.

PAT. Is it yersilf is the beauty doctor?

MADGE. That is my profession.

PAT. Well, thin, 'tis me ould woman I've brought to see if ye can't make her over as purty as she was the day I married her just twenty-foive years ago.

MADGE. That is a long time. A great many changes take place in twenty-five years.

PAT. Yis, so they do. Whin we first shtarted kapin' house togither, Maggie an' mesilf, we was that poor we hadn't enough money to buy a pig, but we've raked an' scraped along till now we're purty well off and jist ready to take loife aisy. Nixt month we're goin 'to celebrate our silver weddin', an', thinks I to mesilf, if I can jist give back to Maggie the beauty she's lost, wid her bright eyes an' rosy cheeks, 'twould be better than all the silver shpoons I could buy for her. Now as fer mesilf yez must admit that I've hung on to me youth an' beauty purty middlin' well. But wid Maggie it's diff'rent. Do yiz think ye can do ony-thing for her, mum?

MADGE. Bring her in and I'll see what I can do. I won't promise.

PAT. Thot's right—niver promise till ye see the job. (*Exit* PAT.)

MADGE. I wonder if he thinks I can perform miracles.

*Re-enter PAT, followed by his wife.*

PAT. Well, here's me ould woman, mum. Jist look her over an' make an istimate on the job.

MADGE. My! I never saw such home—I mean it will require a great deal of massaging to fill out her cheeks. It will need physical culture to brighten her eyes and change that sallow complexion. She will have to be careful about her diet for a spell and—my hair restorer will make her hair all right.

PAT. Holy smoke! How much do all thim repairs cost?

MADGE. Ten dollars for the first treatment and two dollars apiece for subsequent visits.

PAT. That's rasonable enough considerin' the job. Procade to business at once.

MADGE. Then sit right here.

MRS. MCG. Will it hurt loike pullin' a tooth?

MADGE. There's no pain. It won't hurt you a particle.

MRS. MCG. Well, thin, I'll take a thry at it jist to plaze Pat. (*Sits in chair.*)

MADGE. All ready, turn on the current, Katie. (*KATIE steps into adjoining room, or turns an imitation button on the wall, a buzzing sound begins, and MADGE passes vibrator over MRS. MCGEE'S face. The buzzing noise may be produced by a boy outside with a toy watchman's rattle, or wood cricket. PAT and his wife both jump as buzzing begins.*)

PAT (*looking about room*). Holy saints! Pwhat's thot? It sounds loike a buzz sawmill an' a planin' mill combined. (*A pause while MADGE works.*)

MRS. MCG. Do yez be afther thryin' to scrape off the rough edges?

MADGE. No, I'm trying to fill up the hollows.

PAT. Thot's the quarest way to fill up the hollers I iver saw, by pressin' 'em down wid a shteam roller.

MADGE. You may finish this, Katie, while I get the other things ready. (*KATIE operates the vibrator while MADGE prepares lotions, etc.*)

MRS. MCG. Och, murther! Yez come near takin' the nose clane off me face.

MADGE. That will do this time, Katie.

MRS. MCG. (*rising and rubbing nose*). Och, me poor nose is most broke.

MADGE. Here is some lotion I want you to rub on your face every night, and here's some hair restorer to be used twice a week. The directions are on the bottle. (*Hands bottles to MRS. MCG.*) I want you to eat heartily of good substantial food, take some exercise, especially in the morning, and plenty of rest through the day.

PAT. Begorra, I've a moind to thry wan uv thim tratements mesilf.

MRS. MCG. Hisht, now, Pat, wid yer blarney. Jist hear the mon talkin' as if he were not as foine lookin' as the first day I sot eyes on him.

MADGE. That's all, now. Come again in a week.

PAT (*handing bills*). Here's yer money an' 'tis a special invitation we do be givin' ye to our silver weddin'. Good-bye, mum. (*Exeunt.*)

MADGE. Dear me! I'm tired out with my morning's work. I'm going to take a rest myself, now, and if anybody else comes in, Katie, tell them to call again after luncheon. (*Exit.*)

KATIE. Faith, 'tis a hard job, this makin' over old worn out faces into new ones. I belave I'll have to take a bit uv rist on me own account. This office will be open agin from two until four. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

## BURGLARS AND GHOSTS.

## CHARACTERS.

MR. HOWARD.

MRS. HOWARD.

HENRY GRAY.

SUSIE HOWARD.

BRIDGET.

SCENE I: *A sitting room. A clock or dial on wall indicates eleven o'clock.*

SUSIE and HENRY are discovered sitting on sofa or settee.

MR. H. (*outside*). Susie!

SUSIE (*loudly*). Yes, pa.

MR. H. (*outside*). It's time for you to say "Good-bye" and get to bed.

SUSIE. Yes, I'm goin' pretty soon. (*To HENRY.*) Dear me! Pa gets so fidgety if he hears anyone talking after he goes to bed. I wish he'd get to sleep.

HENRY. He makes me think of a moving picture I saw last night.

SUSIE. What? Did you go to a moving picture show and not take me?

HENRY. I only ran into the Happy Hour Theater for a few minutes with Bob Hines.

SUSIE. Oh, then you didn't take another girl?

HENRY. Of course not. I never take any other girl but you.

SUSIE. You're sure you never do?

HENRY. Just as sure as I'm sitting here.

SUSIE. Because if you do I could never forgive you.

HENRY. Well, you'll forgive me for going with Bob, won't you?

SUSIE. Why yes, of course. But do tell me about that picture. I'm just dying to know.

HENRY. Oh, well; you see it was about a young man that went to serenade a young lady under her



window. I think it must have been pretty well along in the wee small hours.

SUSIE. Oh, my! Wasn't that delightful! I wish it had been me.

HENRY. What? With me doing the serenading stunt?

SUSIE. Why not? Don't you think it would be lovely?

HENRY. I can't say that I'd fancy the job. Wait till you hear the end.

SUSIE. Go on; I can't wait.

HENRY. Well, he came along as grand as you please, with his guitar under his arm and planted himself just about where he thought the beautiful strains would float up into her window.

SUSIE. My! That was perfectly lovely.

HENRY. Wasn't it? Then he began to sing and play. I thought by his actions he must have had catarrh in the head.

SUSIE. Te, he, he. Wasn't that funny. Catarrh in his head and a *guitar* under his arm.

HENRY. It looked that way, but maybe he didn't. At any rate he played there for about ten minutes.

SUSIE. What did he play? But of course you couldn't tell in moving pictures.

HENRY. I thought by the way he fingered his guitar that he was playing "Under the Silvery Stars, Love, I'm Dreaming Now of You."

SUSIE. That was grand. I'd like to have heard it.

HENRY. I don't believe she heard a word of it.

SUSIE. She must have been a sleepyhead. What did he do—keep on playing?

HENRY. Yes, until a window opened upstairs and some one acknowledged the compliment.

SUSIE. Oh, was it she, and did she throw a bouquet at him? How sweet of her.

HENRY. It wasn't a bouquet by long odds. It was a pitcher full of water.

SUSIE. Why, what a mean thing she must have been.

HENRY. Oh, it wasn't she. You see he'd been playing all that time under her father's window.

SUSIE. Why, the idea! How comical! Te, he, he!

MR. H. (*outside*). Susie! Susie!

SUSIE. Yes, pa.

MR. H. Didn't I tell you to go to bed?

SUSIE (*loud*). Yes, I'm going pretty soon. (*To HENRY.*) I wish you could tell me about some of the others. I'm just crazy over moving pictures.

HENRY. There was one about a fellow that always used to go to sleep whenever he started to do anything or went anywhere.

SUSIE. I wish that had been pa.

HENRY. He was a bookkeeper and he used to go to sleep at his work every day. He went to sleep in the theater, and when he went to church, and one time he went to sleep when he was calling on his best girl.

SUSIE. Te, he, he! What a funny fellow.

HENRY. It makes me feel sleepy to think of it.

MR. H. (*outside*). Say, if you folks don't break away I'll be out there in a jiffy.

HENRY. Gee! Looks as if I'd have to say "Good-night," Susie, or else—

SUSIE. Oh, say, Henry, let's go into the kitchen. We won't disturb anyone there.

HENRY. That's agreeable to me. I'll tell you some more about Mr. Sleepyhead. (*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II: *A kitchen. The stage is in semi-darkness. A clock on wall indicates four o'clock. HENRY and SUSIE are discovered sitting close together at the rear fast asleep, her head resting upon his shoulder.*

*Enter BRIDGET, holding face in hand.*

BRIDGET. Faix, an' me tooth aches thot bad I can't get a wink uv shlake to save me soul. I think I'll be

afther puttin' some pain killer on it. (*She gets bottle from table and puts liquid on face and tooth.*) If there's onything I hate it's the toothache. I'd rather have the shtomick ache or the backache or most any other koind uv ache but the toothache. (*Puts cork in bottle.*) I think I'll sit me down a bit an' mebbe 'twill be aisier afther a while. (*Sees HENRY and SUSIE.*) Holy Saints! It's burglars! (*Runs out, dropping bottle and screaming.*) Misther Howard! Come quick! There's burglars here. (*SUSIE raises her head slightly and settles back to sleep again.*)

*Enter MR. HOWARD in night dress or pajamas, pink or white stockings on feet, and hair tousled. He may carry gun in one hand and lighted lamp in the other.*

MR. H. Who's out here, anyway? Hold up your hands, whoever you be, or I'll shoot. (*Steps farther into room where he gets better view.*) Well, great Scott! It's you two, is it? Haw! haw! haw! You're great burglars, you are.

MRS. H. (*peeping in*). What's the matter, pa?

BRIDGET (*outside*). Have yez caught the burglars?

MR. H. There ain't no need to be afraid. Just come right out here and get a good squar look at your burglars. They won't hurt anyone. It's the richest joke I've seen in a good while.

*Enter BRIDGET and MRS. H.*

MRS. H. Why, it's Susie.

BRIDGET. Yis, so it is, an' her beau. Begorra, they've fell ashlape a shparkin' at four o'clock in the mornin'.

SUSIE (*half asleep*). And—did—he—go—to—sleep again—Henry? (*All laugh.*) O-o-o-oh! Henry! Henry! (*Shakes him.*) There's ghosts! Wake up, quick! Oh—why—is that you, pa?

MR. H. I should rather say it is. We're rather substantial ghosts.

HENRY (*half asleep*). Ye—yes, I'll be down to breakfast right away.

BRIDGET. Begorra, yez won't be afther gettin' ony breakfast in a couple uv hours yet.

HENRY (*looking about in amazement*). Why, where am I?

MR. H. Right where you left off last night according to appearances. You're a pretty fellow to come courting a girl and go to sleep on the job. Haw! haw! haw!

HENRY. Well, I beg your pardon, Mr. Howard. I must be going.

MR. H. Don't tear yourself away, young man.

MRS. H. You might as well wait until breakfast now.

SUSIE (*pointing at Mr. H.'s clothing*). Why, pa, aren't you afraid of taking cold with nothing on but your stockings and—

MR. H. By George! I'd forgot all about my costume.

MRS. H. Yes, you'd better go right back to bed, Henry.

MR. H. Well, we must leave you for awhile, but you might just as well finish the night out now you've got such a good start.

BRIDGET. Well, I'm glad it wasn't burglars, afther all, but me tooth has shtopped achin' entoirely. (*Exeunt.*)

HENRY. Ho! ho! ho! I can sympathize with the fellow in the picture now, but I guess he'd play second fiddle to us.

SUSIE. But you never told me whether he went to sleep again or not.

QUICK CURTAIN.



## AN EXCITING TIME.

## CHARACTERS.

MR. WILKINS.

MRS. WILKINS.

JENKS, *a coachman.*HANNAH, *a servant.*

SCENE: *A sitting room. Various articles of wearing apparel, etc., are found upon table and chairs. A large traveling bag is on the floor at one side of room. Everything indicates the preparation for a trip.*

MR. WILKINS *is discovered without coat, vest, collar and tie, and is busy lacing his shoes.* MRS. WILKINS *is seated, waiting to give assistance.*

MR. W. I wish you were going with me to the Firemen's Convention, Alice.

MRS. W. Well, I am glad that I am not. I haven't gotten over my trip to Uncle Henry's yet.

MR. W. Of course it's going to be quite a jaunt, I'll admit that; but after all it doesn't seem just right for me to go away like this and leave you at home.

MRS. W. Don't worry. I shall not be alone. Hannah and Jenks will be here and I shall feel perfectly safe.

MR. W. There's no doubt of your safety. If I had the least fear of that I would not leave you.

MRS. W. As I have said, I would much rather stay at home this time, but I hope you will enjoy yourself even if I do not go.

MR. W. I shall put in my best licks for a good time, you may depend upon that. All the other fellows are counting on doing the same.

MRS. W. What time does your train leave, John?

MR. W. Half past ten.

MRS. W. Well, my sakes! Do you realize that it's ten o'clock now? You'll have to hustle.

MR. W. I haven't much to do but put on my collar and tie (*trying to button collar*) and pack my

bag. It will take me just about five minutes to do that.

MRS. W. Yes, in your way of packing it. You stand about ten feet away and toss things into it as if you were pitching quoits.

MR. W. I got into that habit before I was married. (*Drops collar button and gets down on hands and knees to look for it.*) Plague take that collar button.

MRS. W. I'll get the bag ready and begin to pack it. (*Gets traveling bag and opens it on table.*)

MR. W. Better help me find this blamed collar button first. (*She gets down on floor to search.*)

MRS. W. Why, John, here it is right under your nose. (*Hands it to him. Both arise.*)

MR. W. By George! It does take a woman to find things, that's a fact.

*Enter HANNAH.*

HANNAH. Will I start making the pies, Missis?

MRS. W. No, you stay and help me get Mr. Wilkins ready for that half past ten train.

MR. W. Are you sure this is my collar, Alice? It feels about two sizes too small.

MRS. W. I know it's yours. Let me button it for you. Hannah, you may go and get his white shirt from the top bureau drawer. (*Exit HANNAH. MRS. W. buttons collar. MR. W. moves head about as if very uncomfortable.*) There! It's easy enough to button, I'm sure.

MR. W. (*feeling edge of collar and making wry face*). I wish you'd get a file and see if you can't smooth off these top edges a little.

*Enter HANNAH.*

HANNAH. Is this the one, Missis? (*Holds up common work shirt or one with extravagant pattern.*)

MRS. W. Mercy, no! That's one of Jenks' shirts. I said a *white* shirt from the *top* drawer. There isn't any other kind in that drawer. (*Exit HANNAH. MRS.*

W. *assists* MR. W. *with tie*.) There! You look quite respectable about the neck.

MR. W. (*still acting as if collar were uncomfortable*). Do I? Must look a blamed sight better than I feel. However, it's one obstacle surmounted—a victory won.

MRS. W. You haven't brushed your shoes yet. (MRS. W. *proceeds to pack dress suit in bag*.)

MR. W. I meant to have Jenks attend to my shoes this morning. (*Gets brush and proceeds to polish shoes*.)

MRS. W. You'll have to hurry up if you're going to catch that train.

MR. W. Now don't get excited, Alice. There's plenty of time. It's only—(*looking for watch*). Where's my watch gone?

MRS. W. You left it upstairs.

*Enter HANNAH with white shirt.*

MRS. W. Hannah, go and get Mr. Wilkins' watch from the dresser. (HANNAH *starts to go*.)

MR. W. And say, Hannah, bring those two packages from the dresser, too. (*Exit HANNAH*.) I bought a box of cigars and another pair of gloves to take with me.

MRS. W. Well, do hurry, John, and don't talk so much, or you certainly will be late. (MR. W. *brushes vigorously*. MRS. W. *folds shirt and packs it carefully in bag*.)

*Enter HANNAH with watch and packages. Hands watch to MR. W. and puts packages in bag.*

MRS. W. Now, Hannah, go and see if Jenks has the horse and carriage ready, while I go and get some extra handkerchiefs. (*Exit MRS. W. R. and HANNAH L.*)

MR. W. (*straightening up*). There! I guess those will go all right. I've spent all the energy I can on them. (*Tosses brush into bag*.) What would a man do without a woman to look after him and get him

ready to go anywhere? (*Looks at watch.*) Great Scott! It lacks only ten minutes of train time now. (*Puts on coat and vest.*)

*Enter* MRS. W. *with pajamas, handkerchiefs, neckties, etc.*

MRS. W. (*taking blacking brush from bag*). Why, John, you've thrown the blacking brush right on your white shirt bosom.

MR. W. (*assisting in packing*). Never mind, just dump things in any way. Hello! What's all this? (*Takes corset out of package and holding it up for inspection.*) When am I expected to wear this thing? Is it intended to go with my dress suit?

MRS. W. Why, that's my new corset. How did it come in there? Hannah must have got it by mistake.

MR. W. And these? I don't quite understand their use.

MRS. W. Why, that's my new switch, and a rat I bought yesterday.

MR. W. A rat? Great guns! (*Drops it on floor.* MRS. W. *picks it up.*) But what's become of my cigars and gloves?

MRS. W. Hannah must have brought these instead of your packages. I'll go and get them at once. (*Exit R.*)

*Enter* JENKS, L.

JENKS. The carriage is all ready, sir. You've only got five minutes to get to the station in.

MR. W. I'll be all ready as soon as Alice comes. (*Gets hat and cane.*)

*Enter* MRS. W. *with packages.*

MRS. W. Here they are, John. (*Puts them in bag together with JENKS' cap which he has left on table.*) There! I guess everything's ready. (*Mr. W. closes bag.*)

JENKS. Seen anything of my cap around? I just laid it on the table.

MRS. W. Oh, dear, I wonder if it's got in the bag.



MR. W. I should think you'd know enough to hang onto your hat in a trying time like this. (*Opens bag, takes cap from it and closes it again.*)

JENKS (*taking bag*). Better hurry up, sir. No time to spare. (*Exit L.*)

MRS. W. Wait a second, John. There's some dust on your coat. (*Brushes coat.*)

MR. W. Seconds are precious just now. Hurry up.

MRS. W. There, it's off.

MR. W. Am I all ready at last?

MRS. W. Yes, you look splendid. I am quite proud of you.

MR. W. Thank goodness. Now good-bye. (*Kisses her*) and take care of yourself while I'm gone. (*Exit L.*)

MRS. W. (*loud.*) Good-bye. Write me when you get there. (*Waves handkerchief.*) Oh, dear, I'm completely tired out, but I do hope John will have a good time. (*Sits down wearily.*)

CURTAIN.

## HISTORY AND GOSSIP.

### CHARACTERS.

MR. SWAN.                      MRS. SWAN.

MR. GREGG.                    MRS. GREGG.

JOHN SWAN.

SCENE: *A sitting room at the home of Mr. Swan.*

MRS. SWAN is discovered sewing and JOHN studying his history lesson.

*Enter MR. SWAN, who picks up paper and sits down.*

MR. S. Well, John, you seem to be extraordinarily studious tonight. Glad to see it.

JOHN. Yes, sir; we're going to have a review tomorrow and I don't want Sam Perkins to get ahead of me.

MR. S. That's right. Never let the other fellow get ahead of you if you can help it. That's always been my motto.

MRS. S. I suppose you're thinking about your own school days, aren't you?

MR. S. Well, yes, I guess I am. Used to sit up every night until eleven o'clock studying to keep at the head of my class.

MRS. S. Are you sure it was as late as that every night?

MR. S. Well, didn't miss many nights unless there was a party.

MRS. S. (*aside*). Funny how many parties there used to be.

JOHN. Bert Hiser says that's just the way his father used to do, too.

MRS. S. What, Jim Hiser? Why, I used to be in the same class with Jim and I never knew him to take a book home nights in my life.

JOHN. That's just what I thought. I guess pa's are about all alike when it comes right down to plain facts.

MR. S. Maybe you think I'm squibbing to you, but I'll leave it to your mother if I wasn't about the best one in the history class. We were in the same class together.

MRS. S. Well, I can't deny that you were real good in history, but I won't say anything about the other studies.

MR. S. I don't want you to mention them, but as for history—why, great Cæsar! I could name every date mentioned in the old Barnes' History. I could tell you offhand when Columbus discovered America, when Sir Walter Raleigh discovered the Hudson River, and when Ben Franklin captured Stony Point, and what's more, I don't believe I've forgotten it all yet.

JOHN. Ho! ho! ho! Say, pa, s'posing we have a

little review right here now. I'll ask some questions and you and ma answer them.

MR. S. Fire away. I guess we can do it. Your ma was pretty good in history, too. Wasn't far behind me.

JOHN. All right. I'll begin on some easy ones first. (*A knock is heard.*) Pshaw! There's some one knocking. (*MRS. S. goes to door.*)

*Enter MR. and MRS. GREGG.*

MRS. G. Why, good evening, Mrs. Swan.

MRS. S. Come right in, Mrs. Gregg, and Mr. Gregg, too. We're real glad to see you.

MR. S. Yes, come right in, both of you.

(*They shake hands around and take off things, which MRS. S. lays on a chair.*)

MRS. G. We just thought we'd run over and make a neighborly call. We've been thinking of coming for a good while but never got started. Didn't know if we'd find anybody at home or not *this* time.

MR. G. Couldn't no more'n go back, anyhow.

MRS. S. You'll almost always find us at home evenings.

MR. S. You see we're not so young as we used to be. As we get older we don't like to go out so much.

MRS. G. That's so. I tell George we're getting old fast.

MR. G. Getting to be "has beens." Don't seem so very long ago, either, that we were like John here, getting our lessons and going to school.

JOHN. Say, Mr. Gregg, did you used to study nights when you were a boy?

MR. G. Study nights? Well, once in a while when I felt like it.

JOHN. Pa says he used to sit up every night till eleven o'clock studying.

MR. G. Humph! Well, if your pa says so, it ought to be so, hadn't it? What are you studying, John?

JOHN. Studying my history lesson.

MR. S. I was just telling him about our old history class in District No. 6.

MR. G. Ho! ho! ho! Great times we had in those days.

MRS. S. Come to think of it, you and Mrs. Gregg were both in that class, weren't you?

MR. G. Well, I should say so.

MRS. G. Dear me! I often wish we were back there now, don't you, Mrs. Swan?

MRS. S. Yes, it seems as if those were the best times we ever had.

MRS. G. But we had an awful time trying to get those dates in our head.

MR. S. Pshaw! Dates didn't bother me any.

MRS. G. And learning the names of the presidents, too—my land! I thought I'd never get them learned.

JOHN. You didn't have so many to learn as we do now-days.

MRS. G. I'm sure we had enough as it was.

MR. S. And speaking of dates, I guess the young folks would have had hard scratching to get ahead of us old folks after all.

JOHN. Well, you most ready for the questions, pa?

MRS. S. We were just getting ready for a little test when you came in. Maybe you people would like to join us.

MR. G. Why, sure. It'll take us back to our school days.

JOHN. Well, here's the first question. When was the Declaration of Independence signed, pa?

MR. S. Why—er—let me think. (*Scratches head and scowls.*)

JOHN. That's an awful easy one, pa. Hadn't ought to get stuck on that.

MR. S. (*thinking*). Declaration of Independence! Well, well! Say, do you recollect when it was, Marie?

MRS. S. No, I can't remember dates. I could get most anything but them.

MR. G. It was on the Fourth of July, I know that.

Don't you remember the piece about the liberty bell and how we used to like to read it in class.

. . . "Ring, grandpapa,  
Ring! O ring for liberty!"

You know how it cracked the old bell, too, don't you?

JOHN. Gee! You must have read awful loud to crack the bell. (*Laughs.*)

MR. G. We didn't crack it. The old man cracked it ringing for independence.

JOHN. O-o-oh! Well, here's another question—when was the battle of Lexington?

MRS. G. That's when Paul Revere made his midnight ride. I remember speaking "Paul Revere's Ride" to an exhibition once.

MR. S. I guess I can answer that one all right. It was in—in—1620.

JOHN. No, it wasn't pa. It was in 1775.

MRS. G. Why, of course—

"On the eighteenth day of April, in seventy-five;  
Hardly a man is now alive

Who remembers that famous day and year."

MR. S. Well, what in tunket did happen in 1620? Something took place.

JOHN. That's when the Mayflower came over, and Plymouth was founded. Don't you remember about Captain Miles Standish and Priscilla and John Alden?

MR. S. Yes, now I recollect.

MRS. G. (*to Mrs. S.*). That makes me think. Have you heard about old Mrs. Alden that lives down the Mill road? Somebody broke into her hen house last night and stole sixteen—

MR. G. No, 'twas twenty.

MR. S. There you go again with 1620.

MR. G. Just think! He stole twenty of her best Plymouth Rock hens. They think it was that good-for-nothing John Miles.

MRS. S. You don't say so! Do you really think he did?



MR. G. I guess they don't *think* so. They *know* it pretty well. At any rate he's been arrested and is down in the lock-up now.

MR. S. Well, what will happen next?

JOHN. That ain't history, pa.

MR. S. That's so; we'd forgot we were in the history class. Go ahead with your questions, John.

JOHN. What great man was killed at Bunker Hill battle, ma?

MRS. S. At Bunker Hill? (*Thinks and repeats question to herself.*) Bunker Hill? Let me see—who was it?—oh, now I know—Stonewall Jackson.

JOHN. Ho! ho! ho! He was in the Civil War. It was General Warren.

MR. S. So it was. I guess we've forgotten a few facts of history, after all.

MRS. G. That makes me think of something else. Have you heard that Warren Gibbs' girl has run away with Myron Strong and got married.

MRS. S. What—eloped?

MRS. G. That's about it. She told her folks they were going over to Spicerville to revival meetings but instead of that they went to Greenville and got married. Did you ever hear of such doings?

MRS. S. Where are they now?

MRS. G. Oh, Myron hired a boy to bring the horse and cutter home and sent word back that they were going to Boston on their honeymoon.

MR. G. Myron's a tip-top good fellow after all. She couldn't have done any better than she did.

MR. S. My! My! And we hadn't heard a word about it.

JOHN. Well, that ain't history—not United States history.

MR. G. So it isn't. We seem to keep getting switched off from the main line, don't we, John?

JOHN. Here's an awful easy one, Mr. Gregg. What was the last battle of the Revolutionary War? That was when Cornwallis surrendered, you know.



MR. G. When Cornwallis surrendered to Israel Putnam?

JOHN. No, to General Washington?

MR. G. Yes, yes; so it was. Why, I think that was the battle of Saratoga, if I'm not mistaken.

JOHN. Ho! ho! It was Yorktown, Mr. Gregg.

MR. G. Speaking of Saratoga, that's where Eliza Brown's husband's mother lives. I hear she's coming out to spend the summer with 'Liza this year.

MRS. S. Is that so?

MRS. G. Yes, and I don't believe they'll get along together worth a cent. You know last time she was here they fought like cats and dogs.

MRS. S. So I've heard say.

MR. S. I guess Eliza can stand her ground any day.

MR. G. Well, her mother ain't far behind.

JOHN. That isn't anything to do with history.

MRS. S. You seem to be having a hard time with your class, John. What's the next question.

JOHN. Who was the fourth President of the United States, Mrs. Gregg?

MRS. G. Oh, dear—let me see—there was Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and—and I can't think whether Daniel Webster or Henry Clay came next.

JOHN. Ho, ho! It wasn't either one. It was James Madison.

MRS. G. You're right, John. I remember now. (*To Mrs. S.*) Say, have you seen Mrs. Peter Madison's new silk dress? My it's a gorgeous affair. I don't see where they get the money.

MRS. S. Most anybody can have nice things if they don't pay their grocery bill.

JOHN. Say, pa, I guess we'll call this history lesson off. You folks wouldn't get ten per cent on that history review, but I'll bet a cookie you'd get a hundred per cent on the history of Pikeville.

MR. S. What! You say that to the banner class of old District No. 6? I tell you it's all on account of these new fangled notions. These new books you've

got nowadays teach things altogether different from the way we learned them.

JOHN. Well, pa, history is history. It don't change any, only they have to keep adding to it.

MR. G. I guess maybe we are a little bit rusty, Henry. Twenty years is a good long time to forget in.

MR. S. Well, maybe so, maybe so. I won't argue the point.

JOHN. I'm going over to study with Bert Snyder now, and you folks can keep right on studying up the history of Pikeville. (*Exit.*)

NOTE.—*If desired, MRS. G. and MRS. S. may gossip in pantomime during the latter part of dialogue and as curtain falls.*

CURTAIN.

## IN FATHER TIME'S OFFICE.

### CHARACTERS.

FATHER TIME.	TELEPHONE GIRLS.
CLERK.	TELEGRAPH GIRLS.

*Small Boys and Girls.*

COSTUMES: FATHER TIME *represents an old man with long, white whiskers and wears a long robe. He carries a large sickle. The office assistants wear clothing appropriate to their occupations. Boys and girls wear ordinary colthing.*

SCENE: *An office. Two or three imitation telephones are hung at the rear of room, the girls seated on stools directly in front of them. Two or more telegraph instruments (or imitations) are on small stands at the right and girls are seated before each. A table or desk stands at the left with a very large open book upon it. The clerk is seated before it. Upon the rear wall may be hung a large calendar or large sheet of paper with "JAN. 1" printed thereon. A variety of calendars, hour glasses, etc., may be used to decorate the stage. As the scene opens a clock strikes twelve.*

CLERK. Well, another year has gone.

The old year goes, another year,  
Is recorded in the book of Time,  
Its failures and successes o'er;  
Completed is its varied rhyme.

TELEPHONE GIRL. Yes, the old year's gone. It hasn't been such a bad one after all.

TELEGRAPH GIRL. I always hate to have a new year come. It always makes so much work receiving the new resolutions people make.

CLERK. Well, you don't have it near so hard as I do. I have to write them all down in this big book. They all have to be registered, you know, if they're genuine resolutions. Then I have to keep account of them all through the year.

TELEPHONE G. You don't have to keep track of many of them long. There aren't many names left on your book at the end of the year.

CLERK. That's where most of the trouble comes. You see every time anyone breaks a resolution I have to cross it off the books. I tell you it's an awful job.

TELEGRAPH G. Well, for my part, I don't see why people can't keep their resolutions when they make them.

CLERK. It would make it a great deal easier in this office if they would, that's a fact.

*Enter FATHER TIME. All are busy at work.*

FATHER TIME. What's that would be easier?

CLERK. Why, if folks didn't break the resolutions they make at the first of the year.

FATHER TIME. Hi! ho! Well, you can't help that any more'n you can make the earth turn t'other way 'round. It's human nature. It's always been so and always will be.

*(The telephone bell rings. May be produced by bicycle bell off stage.)*

TELEPHONE G. There! They've begun already. *(At telephone.)* Hello! Yes, this is Father Time's office.

Who? What's he going to do this year? Going to stop smoking? All right—good-bye. (*To CLERK.*) Mr. Hiram J. Brown says he's going to stop smoking.

FATHER TIME. Ho! ho! That's the same old chestnut. I'll give him six weeks to get back to his pipe again.

CLERK (*writing*). "Resolved, that Hiram J. Brown will stop smoking henceforth and forever."

(FATHER TIME *takes seat near center of stage and proceeds to sharpen sickle with whetstone. Telegraph instruments click.*)

TELEGRAPH G. Here's a wireless from Mrs. Grundy. She's going to stop talking about her neighbors this year. (*All appear excited. CLERK drops pen.*)

FATHER TIME (*jumping up*). What's that? Mrs. Grundy going to stop talking about her neighbors? Is the millenium coming? Then my business will be over.

TELEPHONE G. Don't get excited, Father Time. You ought to know her too well by this time to think she will ever keep her promise.

FATHER TIME (*resuming seat*). Yes, yes; you're right, my dear. It's a false alarm.

(*The telephone bell rings again.*)

TELEPHONE G. Why, they're coming in fast. (*At telephone.*) Hello! Who is this? Polly Simpkins? Yes—what is it? Yes—good-bye. (*To CLERK.*) Miss Polly Simpkins has made up her mind not to chew gum in meeting and on the street after this.

CLERK (*writing*). Humph! That's another one will have to be crossed out in a week or two.

FATHER TIME. Well, I don't see but you'll have to record it just the same. That's a part of our business.

(*The telegraph instrument clicks.*)

TELEGRAPH G. Mr. Cornelius Slocum has made an agreement with his wife not to grumble any more about her cooking, even if her pancakes are like leather and her biscuits as heavy as lead.



FATHER TIME. Good! He's a courageous man—a martyr. I hope he'll stick to it.

*(Telephone bell rings again.)*

TELEPHONE G. Hello! Yes—yes. Going to stop flirting? Yes—good-bye. *(To CLERK.)* Nellie Briggs says she isn't going to flirt with the boys any more this year.

FATHER TIME. That's another good resolution if she can only keep it. She's too sensible a girl for such foolishness anyway.

*(Telephone bell rings again.)*

TELEPHONE G. Hello! Hello! Yes, this is the place—what is it? Bobbie Smith—and Susie Smith? All right. *(To CLERK.)* Bobbie Smith has resolved to keep his mother's wood box filled without having to be asked.

FATHER TIME. Good for him!

TELEPHONE G. And his sister Susie is going to wash the dishes for her mother every night after supper.

FATHER TIME. Bravo! 'Twould be a blessing to a good many poor tired mothers if all the Bobbies and Susies would make the same resolves, and then keep them, but unfortunately they just can't do that. It's been tried again and again, and failed every time.

CLERK. Have you forgotten about Reginald Arthur Brown? He did it.

FATHER TIME. So he did. But after all there was something wrong about him, poor boy. You know he died the very next year. I tell you it's against human nature.

*(The telephone bell rings repeatedly, telegraph instruments click loudly, the clerk writes vigorously, and FATHER TIME whets his sickle.)*

TELEPHONE G. There they go again. Ding, ding, ding!

TELEGRAPH G. And clickety, clickety, click!

TELEPHONE GIRLS (*may sing the following to tune of "Auld Lang Syne" while all perform medley as above.*)

Hello—hello—hello—hello!

Hello—hello, again!

Yes, this is just the place you want,  
Old Father Time's domain.

Hello—hello—hello—hello!

Hello—hello, again!

Be quick and tell your business, sirs,  
And make it very plain.

FATHER TIME. My! I don't know as I ever saw it quite so busy here as it is today.

CLERK. Here come some little boys and girls. They're bringing their resolutions with them.

*Enter small boys and girls, each with roll of paper.*

FATHER TIME. Well, well, little people, what is on your mind now?

CHILDREN. We're resolved to be better children, sir; yes, a great deal better than we were last year.

FATHER TIME. Have, eh? I'm mighty glad of it. Let's hear about it.

FIRST BOY. We've got our resolutions written on paper.

FATHER TIME. Well, proceed to business and my bookkeeper here will write 'em down as fast as you read 'em off.

CHILDREN (*unroll manuscripts and read from them, or sing to tune of "Auld Lang Syne."*)

Just listen, dear old Father Time,

Unto our vows so true;

We've drawn them up in regular style

As legal people do.

Resolved that we'll do this and that

As all good children should,

And model girls and boys we'll be,

So gentle, sweet and good.



*Resolved*, that we will keep our thoughts  
And bodies clean and neat;  
*Resolved*, that we will strive to keep  
Our tempers always sweet;  
*Resolved*, that we will tell the truth  
And never bad words say;  
*Resolved*, we'll do some kindly act  
To some one every day.

FATHER TIME. Well, now I call that a pretty fine set of resolutions. How long do you expect to keep 'em?

BOY. Oh, we're going to keep them all the year, aren't we?

ALL. Yes, yes; every one of them.

FATHER TIME. That's good. I'll give you a prize if you do. (*To assistants*). Say, what can I give these youngsters for a prize at the end of the year?

TELEPHONE G. You might give them contentment.

TELEGRAPH G. Or a clear conscience.

CLERK. Happiness.

(*Others may mention "Desire to help others," "Good reputation," etc.*)

FATHER TIME. Do you hear that? I'll give you all of them if you live up to that agreement of yours. Isn't that worth trying for?

ALL. Yes, yes; we're going to try for the prizes.

FATHER TIME. Well, do your best and may God bless you. Good-bye.

ALL. Good-bye! Good-bye!

(*A medley of telephone bells, telegraph instruments, etc., ensues.*)

TELEPHONE G. Dear me! There they go again worse than ever.

ALL (*sing as before, with medley*).  
Hello—hello—hello—hello!

Hello—hello, again!

Yes, this is just the place you want,  
Old Father Time's domain.

NOTE.—*Local names may be substituted for the ones given herein, and other local hits introduced by TELEPHONE GIRLS and TELEGRAPH GIRLS, if desired.*

CURTAIN.

## THE LAWN PARTY.

### CHARACTERS.

TOMMY, *the originator of the party.*

BOBBY

HAROLD { *His associates.*

GEORGE {

MR. JEFFERSON BANKS, *an old resident.*

MR. JOSHUA LONGMAN.

MISS TINA STOUT, *his sweetheart.*

SUMMER GIRLS and BOYS.

*Boys, girls and older people in attendance at party.*

COSTUMES: *The boys in first scene wear ordinary play clothes and in second scene may be "dressed up" for the occasion. MR. BANKS is a rather "seedy" individual. MR. LONGMAN should be a very tall boy with clothing which he has outgrown. MISS STOUT is a very fleshy girl with gay colored clothing. The SUMMER GIRLS (any number) should wear broad-brimmed hats or bonnets of pink and blue, and thin summer dresses of similar colors. Tissue or crepe paper may be used in arranging the bonnets. They carry fans. The SUMMER BOYS wear flat-brimmed straw hats, light waists and may carry canes. Others wear clothing suited to a summer evening festival.*

SCENE I: *A dooryard at TOMMY's home.*

TOMMY is discovered sitting on a block of wood, whistling and whittling.

*Enter BOBBY, HAROLD and GEORGE.*

BOYS. Hello, Tommy! (TOMMY continues to whistle.)

HAROLD (*coming nearer*). I say, Tommy, what's the matter? Are you sick?

GEORGE (*with hand on TOMMY'S shoulder and speaking in a tone of mock sympathy.*) Where does the pain seem to be mostly?

TOMMY. I haven't any aches or pains, thank you. I've got an idea.

ALL (*astonished*). An idea!

BOBBY. Beware of ideas. They have been known to drive people crazy.

TOMMY. I guess you'll be crazy when you hear it.

HAROLD. Proceed at once, then. We aren't in any fear of the lunatic asylum. Are we, boys?

BOYS. No.

TOMMY. Well, then, it's a lawn party.

BOYS. A lawn party? Ho! ho! ho!

BOBBY (*with eyes uplifted as if in vision, and with sweep of arm*). Visions of white dresses and pink hair ribbons.

HAROLD. Of chocolate ice cream and jelly-cake.

GEORGE. Of moonlight strolls and tete-a-tetes.

TOMMY. But listen. I'm the one that's going to get up this party.

BOYS. You?

TOMMY. Yes, sir; I'm going to get it up. I've asked Miss Perkins and she says it's a tip-top plan, but you fellows have got to help me.

ALL. How?

BOBBY. Tell us about it. What can we do? (*All sit on blocks or on ground surrounding TOMMY.*)

TOMMY. You can help make the ice cream, and get the tables, and invite the people, and—

GEORGE. Who's going to make the cake?

TOMMY. We'll get our mothers to do that, of course.

BOBBY. Yes, sir; my mother'll make a six-story cake with forty dozen cinnamon drops on top. (*Smacks lips.*)

GEORGE. My mother'll make one of her famous angel cakes with spanked cream on it—oh, whipped cream, I mean. Gee! (*Smacks lips.*)

HAROLD. You don't think my mother'll let anyone beat her making a cake, do you? She'll make one of those two-colored affairs with walnut meats inside of it and all over the top. (*Hand on stomach.*) Whee! (*Smacks lips.*)

TOMMY. Well, never mind the cakes now. Don't get them all eaten up before hand.

HAROLD. That's so. Wait till the plans are made. As my father says, "Build the foundation first and put the roof on afterwards."

GEORGE. What's it going to be for, anyway?

TOMMY. It's for the benefit of the "School Improvement Club."

BOYS. Hurrah for the "School Improvement Club!"

BOBBY. You can count on us. We'll be right there when the time comes—"Johnny on the spot."

HAROLD. Where's it going to be?

GEORGE. When's it going to be?

TOMMY. We'll have it on the school lawn sometime next week, maybe Wednesday night.

GEORGE. Oh, jolly!

HAROLD. But what are we going to do besides eat?

TOMMY. Why, sing and speak pieces and so forth.

BOBBY. Let the girls do that.

HAROLD. Yes, let the girls do that. They like such things.

TOMMY. Of course we'll ask them to help us along that line.

BOBBY. Say, I've got one objection.

TOMMY. What's that?

BOBBY. I'd like to know who's going to wash the dishes.

TOMMY. Don't worry. The dishes'll get washed some way or another.

BOBBY. But we can't ask the girls, if we're the ones that's getting it up.



TOMMY. Maybe our mothers'll help us out that way, too, if we want them to.

GEORGE. Mothers are pretty handy to have around after all, I tell you.

HAROLD. Say, Tom, you're a brick.

BOBBY. How'd you ever think of it?

GEORGE. I guess we'll show the girls that we can get up socials and pink teas as well as they can.

TOMMY. We'll have to get the other boys to help us.

HAROLD. Sure thing. The more boys there are the more cakes there'll be. Don't catch me eating any supper at home that night—no, sir-ee.

BOBBY. Me neither. Whoopee! This is going to be great.

GEORGE. Let's hunt up the other boys and tell 'em the good news.

*(The boys put their heads together and whisper for a moment, then ask of each other, "Shall we? Shall we?" Each nods his head. Finally BOBBY steps to front and addresses the audience.)*

BOBBY. Ladies and Gentlemen: We've decided to invite you all to the fracas—

TOMMY. No, no; not a fracas.

ALL. We invite you all to the lawn party next Wednesday evening for the benefit of the "School Improvement Club."

#### CURTAIN.

SCENE II: *The school lawn, decorated with Japanese lanterns. The young people should be passing to and fro, visiting and laughing. After a few moments of this kind of pantomime (accompanied by music), the stage is partially cleared, and TOMMY, BOBBY and GEORGE enter.*

GEORGE. Things are coming out all right, Tommy. It's been a success so far.

BOBBY. Yes, I've had seven pieces of cake. Guess I've done my share.

GEORGE. And I've had three dishes of ice cream.



TOMMY. Oh, say, have you seen Mr. Longman and Miss Stout? They have been together all this evening. Don't they look too comical for anything?

BOBBY. I should say so. It's enough to make a horse laugh to see 'em. Ma says she bets they're going to make a match.

*Enter HAROLD, quickly.*

HAROLD. Say! Everybody's got through eating. When's the speaking going to begin?

TOMMY. Right away. See! They're all coming over this way now. Let's hunt up the speakers.

BOBBY. You're first, you know.

TOMMY. Of course, I'll be on hand.

*A number of people enter, talking among themselves, and take seats on benches and campstools in readiness for the exercises. MR. LONGMAN and MISS STOUT should make themselves very conspicuous. The speakers need not occupy seats on stage, but enter at R. as needed.*

MR. L. We've got purty good seats, hain't we, Tina? Guess we ought to be able to hear the speakin' from here.

MISS S. We couldn't get much closer, Joshua, 'less we should do some speakin' ourselves.

MR. L. Like's not they'd want us to sing that little doo-et of ours if they knew we had one.

MISS S. Oh, my! We couldn't do that. We hain't had practice enough.

MR. L. We couldn't do more'n make a fizzle, but they hain't asked us yet. *(People become uneasy and begin to clap hands.)*

*Enter TOMMY.*

TOMMY *(stepping to front and making bow to the stage audience)*—

Dear friends, we're very glad indeed,

To welcome you tonight;

We hope you will enjoy yourselves

Beneath the stars so bright.

(MR. L. looks at stars, then at Miss S. and smiles.)

We've tried our very best to please—  
'Twas really quite a chore—  
And if mistakes we may have made,  
Why, others might make more.

Now since we boys have got the chance,  
There's some things we would say,  
For folks have tried to slander us  
In every kind of way.

We'll first explode that worn-out tale  
That's told about us boys,—  
How all we do about the house  
Is just to make a noise.

I guess if you would split the wood,  
And do the chores we do  
Until your back ached every night,  
You'd say it wasn't true.

They say that all we have to do  
Is just to grow and grow,  
To make nice husbands for the girls,  
When they get big, you know.

Such twaddle as some people tell,  
It really makes us smile,  
And still they keep on asking us  
To do things all the while.

Again we wish to thank you all  
For coming here tonight,  
And hope you will enjoy yourselves  
Beneath the stars so bright.

(*Applause may follow, if desired.*)

TOMMY. The next will be our class song.

(*Any number of boys and girls, bearing school pennants, may sing to tune of "Co-Ca-Che-Lunk."*)

Oh, the pleasant school, we love it,  
 Where so many hours we pass,  
 At our games or at our study,  
 On the playground or in class.

CHORUS.

Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-laly,  
 Here's to the teacher's gentle rule,  
 Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-laly,  
 Oh, ho, here's to the dear old school.

We have leagued ourselves together  
 In a noble band and true,  
 And we'll make our school the better  
 By the deeds that we shall do.

CHORUS.

TOMMY. Next is a song called "The Summer Girls."

*Enter girls tripping gaily to the rhythm of some lively music. They sing the following to the tune of "My Last Cigar." Repeat last two lines of each stanza for chorus.*

THE SUMMER GIRLS.

Oh, we are dainty summer girls,  
 In bonnets pink and blue,  
     *(Point to bonnets.)*

And dainty gowns for summer wear  
 Of just the proper hue;  
     *(Spread skirts.)*

Beneath our bonnets you may see  
 Our faces fresh and bright;  
 No matter what the weather is,  
 Our hearts are ever light.

*(The next stanza should be sung as if really asking a question of audience, introducing cute gestures, etc.)*

Suppose you were a summer girl,  
 In bonnet pink or blue,  
 With nothing much to worry you,  
 And nothing much to do,

*Enter little boys, who stand in background during remainder of stanza.*

And there should come a nice young man,  
A real nice one, you know,—  
Pray tell us would you walk with him  
Or would you tell him "No?"

*(The boys advance, swinging canes, bow to girls, take their arms and march with them about the stage, or take a few simple dance steps. Boys and girls join in singing last stanza.)*

We spend the golden summer hours  
In idleness and play,  
In roaming through the woods and fields,  
And picking flowers gay,  
And when the sun is shining bright,  
And there's no cooling breeze,  
We stroll within the orchard old  
Beneath the apple trees.

*(Other selections may be introduced if desired.)*

TOMMY. The next speaker is Mr. Banks. I guess everybody knows him.

MISS S. My! He's an awful old boy, ain't he?

MR. B. *(stepping forward)*. Yes, I guess everybody knows Jeff Banks around these parts. Now I want to say jest a word about these school doin's. I'm right glad you've got stirred up an' are tryin' to make things better'n they be. I ain't been inside the old schoolhouse till tonight in over thirty years, but from what I've seen on the outside I've come to the conclusion that ye're a-doin' yer part in keepin' it up in good shape. I could give ye the whole hist'ry of this school from the time 'twas first built if ye wanted to hear it *(people shake heads and appear uneasy)*, but I ain't goin' to take up yer time. What I do want to say is that we used to have some right smart good times here when I was a lad. An' while I was a-musin' over it t'other day, a little poem came into my head

an' I've got it writ down here on paper to read to ye.  
(*He adjusts spectacles and takes paper from pocket, which he slowly unfolds. Some one remarks, "I expected that's what was coming."* He reads the following poem:)

Old schoolhouse dear, how many feet  
Have trodden in thy halls?  
How many, many fingers left  
Their traces on thy walls?

What means those rudely lettered scrawls  
Upon each battered seat?

BOBBY (*interrupting*). There ain't any scratches or scrawls on our desks. They're new ones.

MR. B. (*looking over glasses*). Ain't, eh? Well, there was on the old ones, 'cause I put some of 'em there myself. (*Looking at paper.*) Where was I?

What mean those rudely lettered scrawls  
Upon each battered seat?

How many hearts that prompted them,  
Have ceased with life to beat?

How many minds were moulded here,  
An' drank at learnin's well,  
An' what success in life was theirs,  
But God, alone, can tell.

Oh, couldst thou call those schoolmates back,  
Those happy days once more,  
I'd gladly lose all that I've learned  
To live an' learn it o'er.

Far easier were those schoolday tasks  
Than the school of Life has been,  
But those happy days of childhood life  
Will never come again.

(*Slight applause. MR. B. takes his seat. MR. L. beckons TOMMY to his side and whispers in his ear.*)

TOMMY. The next thing is a song by—  
MR. L. A doo-et.



TOMMY. Oh, yes; a duet by Mr. Longman and Miss Stout., and that will be all of the exercises.

(MR. L. and MISS S. *step forward and sing some popular song. Any popular sentimental song would be quite appropriate. Great applause follows, necessitating the singing of another stanza.*)

MR. B. (*rising in his seat*). Now that the speakin's over with, I want to congratulate Master Tom an' the other young folks on the success of this splendiferous party, for I think everybody will agree that it's been a tremendous success from start to finish. Ain't that so?

ALL. Yes! Yes!

TOMMY. We thank you ever so much and we're glad you've enjoyed it. Now let's close by singing, "Good Night, Ladies," and everybody join in the chorus. (*All sing.*)

CURTAIN.

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## THE NEW CAMERA.

### CHARACTERS.

NED FULLER, *the owner of the camera.*

BERT HODGE, *his chum.*

HIRAM SNODGRASS, *in hurry to catch train.*

JIM PAEDOCK, *town constable.*

MRS. DUSENBERRY.

NORA MCGEE.

SCENE: *Front dooryard at NED'S home, the front of stage representing the street upon which people are passing by when hailed by NED.*

NED is discovered with camera ready for business. One or two benches or chairs are nearby.

*Enter BERT.*

BERT. What you got there, Ned?

NED. A new camera. Pa gave it to me for my birthday present.

BERT (*looking it over*). Gee! Ain't it a dandy! What are you going to do with it?

NED. Take pictures, of course. Think I was going to play football with it?

BERT. Whose pictures are you going to take?

NED. Oh, anybody who wants them. I'm going to charge fifty cents a dozen for children and a dollar for grown people until I get started.

BERT. That's cheap enough. Ma had hers taken last winter and paid four dollars a dozen.

NED. No wonder. Your ma's as big as three common folks.

BERT. If that's the reason they'd want about ten dollars a dozen for Elder Whipple's picture.

NED (*showing photos*). See! Here's some I've taken already.

BERT. Ho! ho! That's a good picture of Pete Wheeler. Looks just as if he was ready to begin another one of his fish stories. (*Looks at another photo.*) And old Mis' Barnes looks just as if she'd finished telling something important about her next door neighbor. Oh, say, Ned, what do you ask for dog's pictures?

NED. I haven't taken any yet.

BERT. 'Cause if you don't charge too much I'm going to have my puppy dog's picture taken some time.

NED. Well, bring it around this afternoon. Here comes old Mrs. Dusenberry.

*Enter MRS. DUSENBERRY, R.*

NED. Say, Mrs. Dusenberry, don't you want your picture taken with my new camera?

MRS. D. Land sakes! What do I want my likeness drawn for? I hain't had it done since Ezra an' me was married fifty years ago.

NED. I should think 'twas most time to have it taken again.

MRS. D. How much does it cost?

NED. Only a dollar a dozen.

MRS. D. Wal, I dunno's I'd better. I'll have to ask Ezra 'bout it. Mebbe he wouldn't want me to spend the money.

NED. Pshaw! I don't believe Mr. Dusenberry will care. I'll take my pay in apples if you will.

MRS. D. Wal, I guess I'll have it done, then.

NED. Then you can surprise Mr. Dusenberry when you show it to him. Sit right down here.

MRS. D. (*sitting down*). Mercy sakes! I'd orter had on my alpaca dress. I guess Ezra will be s'prised if I have it done in this old gingham one.

NED. Never mind. It won't show much. I'll only take the bust.

MRS. D. Land o' livin'! If there's anything goin' to bust I don't want it done.

NED (*laughing*). I don't mean anything's going to break. It's the way the picture is taken. Something like this. (*Shows her photo.*)

MRS. D. I jest won't have it anyway if it's going' to look like Pete Wheeler. I should expect something to bust sure.

NED. I mean that we'll just take the head and shoulders.

MRS. D. Oh, is that it? Wal, go ahead an' do the best you can.

NED (*busy with camera*). Now sit still for just a minute and look real pleasant. There! It's done.

MRS. D. My! You don't say so. Wal, I've heard this was an awful fast age, but I didn't s'pose anyone could take a picture as quick as that.

NED. I'll bring one over to your house tomorrow and let you see how it looks.

MRS. D. Wal, I must hustle home. It's time to get dinner over. I ain't goin' to tell Ezra anything about it till I see if it's a good one. (*Exit L.*)

BERT. Gee! You did that up slick. I wish I had a camera so I could make some money, too.

NED. I didn't make much money on that deal.

BERT. Well, here comes Nora McGee. Maybe she'll have some money.

*Enter NORA, R.*

NED. Want your picture taken, Nora?

NORA. Pwhat did yez say?

NED. I asked if you didn't want your picture taken. I'm taking pictures cheap today—only a dollar a dozen.

NORA. An' for pwhat will I be afther havin' me picture took?

NED. So you can show it to your friends.

NORA. Faith, I have no frinds in Ameriky. Me frinds are all in ould Ireland.

NED. That's all the better; then you can send them some.

NORA. Well, now, that would be jist the proper caper. I'd niver thought uv it before. Yis, I b'lave I will do it. I'll sind one to me lover Dinnis O'Flaherty first pop.

NED. Good! Would you like it taken full length or three-quarters or—

NORA. Begorra, I want full measure. I won't be chatin' anyone by givin' 'em only three-quarters uv a picture. Why, 'twas only this mornin' thot a mon sold me mistress thra pecks uv potatoes for a bushel, but the nixt toime the spalpeen comes I'll be ready for him. If he don't give back the other peck I'll jist walk him around on his ear, thot I will.

BERT. Ho! ho! I'd like to see you, Nora.

NORA. Well, jist happen around at that toime and I'll show you. But about that picture, I want full measure or none.

NED. Then stand right here, Nora—right in front of the camera.

NORA. An' won't it be afther shootin' me?

NED. There's no danger, Nora. Now stand just as you'd like to have Dennis see you in the picture.



(NORA may try to appear very attractive. NED is busy with camera.) There! It's all done, Nora.

NORA. Holy saints! I'd forgot I had me basket uv eggs on me arm. Will yez be afther rubbin' it out uv the picture?

NED. It won't do any harm, Nora. Dennis won't care about the basket.

NORA. I dunno as he will, afther all. If me face is all right that's all he'll care about.

NED. I'll have them done tomorrow.

NORA. Thin I'll pay yez whin yez bring thim to me. Good-bye. (*Exit L.*)

BERT. Jiminy! There's another dollar earned in less than ten minutes.

NED. They've all got to be finished up first and maybe some of them won't be good.

BERT. Well, here comes Uncle Hiram Snodgrass. He's got a satchel. I'll bet he's going away.

*Enter HIRAM, L., with old-fashioned satchel and umbrella. He appears to be in a great hurry and is about to pass by without noticing boys.*

BERT. Hello, Uncle Hiram.

HIRAM. Hello, hello, boys! Havin' a good time?

BERT. First-rate. Going away, Uncle Hiram?

HIRAM. Yes, goin' down to Pokeville to my darter's to spend a few days. Hain't been there in two years now.

NED. Better have your picture taken 'fore you go. I've got a new camera and I'm taking pictures cheap now—only a dollar a dozen.

HIRAM. No, I hain't got time, now. I've got to catch the train.

NED. You've got lot's of time. The train doesn't come in for an hour and a half. It's only ten o'clock now and it doesn't get here till half past eleven.

HIRAM. Wal, I allers like to be on time. Don't like to run no risk of missin' it. Better be an hour ahead



of time than five minutes behind, 'cordin' to my notion.

BERT. But it only takes five minutes to get to the depot. You've got bushels of time.

NED. And you can't get your pictures taken for a dollar a dozen every day.

HIRAM. Wal, I'd like to help ye first-rate. I allers believe in helping them that tries to help themselves. I dunno but I will risk it after all. If I miss this train I can take the next one that comes at three o'clock.

NED. Well, sit right down here and I'll hurry. (UNCLE HIRAM *sits on bench or chair with satchel and umbrella on ground in front of him.*) Now sit still for just a minute. There! It's done.

BERT. Didn't take long, did it, Uncle Hiram?

HIRAM. What? Is it took a-ready?

NED. Yes, that's all. I'll have them finished up time you get back.

HIRAM. Gosh! That's doin' things up in all-fired quick time. But I can't stop any longer. I'll pay ye for 'em when I get back. I've got to be hustlin' for that train now. (*He hurries off stage, R.*)

BERT. I guess likely he'll make it all right. Here comes old Mr. Paddock.

NED. I don't count on taking his picture, but I'm going to try it, anyway.

*Enter MR. PADDOCK, L.*

NED. Good morning, Mr. Paddock.

MR. P. (*talking in a high-pitched voice*). What you up to now?

NED. Taking pictures. Don't you want yours taken?

MR. P. No, I guess not. I had it took not long ago.

NED. When was that, Mr. Paddock?

MR. P. Why, just after the Civil War.

BERT. That was quite a spell back according to my history.

NED. Haven't you had it taken since?

MR. P. No; don't b'lieve in havin' it taken every new moon. Anybody that wants to know how Jim Paddock looks, jest let 'em come an' look at the original.

NED. But you can send them to friends who live at a distance.

MR. P. My friends all live right 'round here. Everybody knows me. I'm the town constable.

NED. That's why I wanted to take it. 'Twould be just as good as an advertisement. Folks would say, "Why, there's Mr. Paddock's picture," and then they'd all want theirs taken.

MR. P. Wal, that's lookin' at the matter from an altogether different standpoint. Yes, I guess in view of that fact, I'll have it taken after all.

NED. Sit down here, then, Mr. Paddock.

MR. P. Wal, now, if it don't cost any more I'd a leetle rather have it took standin' up. *(He stands in front of camera. Takes out handkerchief and polishes badge.)*

NED. All ready now. Stand still. There! That's all.

MR. P. All done, eh? Wal, don't make it look any purtier or any humlier than what I be.

NED. I guess it'll be all right, Mr. Paddock. Anyway you can see for yourself tomorrow.

MR. P. Wal, I've got to go now an' see 'bout gettin' some dinner for that hoss thief I've got down in the lock-up. *(Exit R.)*

BERT. Gee! You're doing a rushing business. Don't want to take a partner, do you?

NED. Maybe I will if business keeps increasing. I guess I've done enough for half a day. I'm going to close up until after dinner.

BERT. I'll be over again this afternoon and bring my puppy. *(Exeunt NED at rear, BERT, L.)*

CURTAIN.

## THE NEW HIRED MAN.

## CHARACTERS.

ZENAS QUACKENBUSH, *a farmer.*

BOB QUACKENBUSH, *his son.*

SAM WILSON, *a neighbor.*

GEORGE DUNN, *the hired man.*

SCENE: *A farmyard. ZENAS and SAM discovered, talking.*

SAM. How d'ye like your new hired man, Zenas?

ZENAS. Fact is, I don't like him at all. He ain't worth his salt on a farm.

SAM. Hain't, eh? What's the trouble?

ZENAS. Don't know nothin'. The idee of gettin' these city fellers that hain't never been on a farm before an' hain't got no hankerin' for it an' tryin' to make farmers of 'em hain't what it's cracked up to be. It's jest about as sensible as a gal's marryin' a drunkard to reform him. It jest can't be done successful like.

SAM. That's allers been my opinion on the subject exactly.

ZENAS. That feller hain't been here over two days yet an' he's got into more scrapes an' done more foolish, outlandish things in that time than you could crowd into a book as big as a Bible.

SAM. I heerd he was a comical jigger, but what's he been doin' so much?

ZENAS. Good land! I don't know where to begin. Fust thing I sent him out to feed the calf. He hadn't been gone more'n ten minutes 'fore I heerd an awful racket in the barnyard, an' when I looked out, there was that ere calf racin' 'round like mad with him a-hangin' onto its tail for dear life. Wal, now, I wanter tell ye 'twas jest like a circus. They was goin' so fast that he dasen't let go an thar's no

knowin' how long 'twould kept up if I hadn't gone out thar an' headed off the calf. When he did get loose he was a sight to behold. One pants leg was ripped up the hull side, one coat sleeve was torn off an' his nose was bleedin' whar he'd struck it against a fence rail.

SAM (*laughing heartily*). That was a purty good initiation, I must say. But he didn't give up his job, eh?

ZENAS. Give up his job? Not a bit of it. He's a plucky fellow, I'll say that for him.

SAM. Well, what happened next?

ZENAS. I was just goin' to tell ye. We hadn't got the chores done yet so I sent him to feed the pigs.

SAM. Then I s'pose the pigs got after him an' chewed up the other pants leg?

ZENAS. No; but he tumbled out of the haymow.

SAM. What was he doin' in the haymow?

ZENAS. Pitchin' down hay to feed the pigs.

SAM. Wal, I swow. What scrape did he get into next?

ZENAS. I sent him down to the stable to milk the old spotted cow after that.

SAM. I s'pose the old cow kicked him, then, didn't she?

ZENAS. Not much. That old cow wouldn't hurt a baby.

SAM. What did happen, then?

ZENAS. When I got down thar he was pumpin' that old cow's tail up an' down at the rate of two-forty a minute.

SAM. Ho! ho! ho! Hadn't got much milk, eh?

ZENAS. Wal, not much to speak of, but he was tendin' to his job like all possessed. It made the old critter so nervous that I didn't get mor'n two-thirds of a mess.

SAM. He must be an interestin' chap. Beats anything I ever heerd of.



ZENAS. An' he's the greatest hand to ask questions you ever saw. Wanted to know this mornin' which cows give buttermilk an' which ones sour milk. An' here's another one he sprung on me this noon: "If cows that are out to pasture give pasteurized milk, what kind do them that stay in the barn give?"

SAM. Wal, maybe he'll larn in time. Ye can't expect too much in two days.

ZENAS. Mebbe he would, but I hain't settin' out to run no agricultural skule just at present. One thing I wanter tell ye, though—he's got the biggest appetite of anyone I ever come in contact with.

SAM. I don't blame the feller a bit for havin' an appetite after all the experience he's gone through.

*Enter BOB.*

BOB. Ma wants to know who put all that sour milk in the churn. She's been churnin' most an hour an' jest found it out.

ZENAS. Consarn it all, it's that hired man again. I told him to put the cream in the churn an' take the sour milk out to the pigs. I'll bet a cookie he's wasted all that cream.

BOB. Gee! Ma's madder'n a wet hen over it. (*Exit.*)

SAM. He seems to be purty successful in gettin' things wrong end to.

ZENAS. Wal, here he comes. Wonder what's happened now.

*Enter GEORGE DUNN.*

GEORGE. Say, Mr. Quackenbush, you know you told me to set that old hen?

ZENAS. Yes.

GEORGE. Well, plague take her, I can't get her to set worth a cent.

ZENAS. That's funny. She's been wantin' to set for the last three weeks. Let's see which one you've got.

ZENAS and GEORGE may leave stage and ZENAS comes back laughing heartily, or GEORGE may leave stage alone and return with live rooster in his arms.



ZENAS. Ho! ho! ho! Been tryin' to set an' old rooster. What'll happen next, I'd like to know. Ho! ho! ho! (SAM joins in the laughter. If the rooster is introduced into the scene, GEORGE hastily exits. Wal, what do you think of my new hired man?)

SAM. It's my opinion he'd earn a purty good salary as a circus clown. I've been thinkin for some time of sendin' to the city for a man myself, but if that's the kind of hired men the employment agency is sendin' out, I'll get along without for a spell longer.

CURTAIN.

## PAINTING A CHAIR.

### CHARACTERS.

MR. BUNKER.	DEACON FLANDERS
TOM BUNKER.	MRS. BUNKER.

SCENE: *A kitchen or living room.*

MRS. BUNKER *has just finished painting a chair and stands admiring her handiwork.*

MRS. B. There! That chair's all done. It looks pretty good, too, if I do say it. I don't see why everybody can't paint up their old furniture and make it look like new instead of throwing it away or relegating it to the garret. I always do mine and I don't claim to be an expert, either. Now the next question is to keep Tom and Mr. Bunker from sitting on it. They're just as liable as anything to set themselves right down into it the first pop. I guess I'll set it over here. (*Places chair at rear.*) Now I must go and see about getting dinner ready. (*Exit R.*)

*Enter TOM, L., whistling.*

TOM. Oh, jiminy! I'm tired. Been clear over to Halcomb's saw mill with Bert Green. (*Takes off hat and coat and throws them on the newly painted chair.*) Guess I'll sit down in this rocking chair and rest a

spell. (*Sits down. A short pause.*) Gee! I'm hungry. Wonder where ma is? Ma! Ma! Bring me a cookie.

*Enter MRS. BUNKER, R.*

MRS. B. What on earth do you want?

TOM. Bring me a cookie, ma.

MRS. B. I guess you know where the cookie jar is just as well as I do, and I don't know but a little better.

TOM. But I'm so tired, ma. I've been clear over to Halcomb's mill and back again afoot.

MRS. B. You didn't have to go. Don't you think I've got anything to do but—my land! You've thrown your coat and hat right on my new painted chair. (*Takes them off and examines chair.*)

TOM. I didn't know it was painted, ma.

MRS. B. No, you never know anything. I've a good mind to take a stick to you and see if you'll know that. Now I've got to go and paint part of it over again. (*Gets paint and brush.*)

TOM (*examining cap and coat*). My cap's all paint, too, and so's my coat.

MRS. B. (*busy painting*). Well, it's good enough for you. You might hang your things up instead of throwing them all over everywhere. Now you march right into the other room. We'll see if that chair has a chance to dry before something else happens to it. (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter MR. BUNKER.*

MR. B. (*yawning and stretching arms*). Oh, ho, hum! I guess I'll take off my boots and put on my slippers till after dinner and see if I can't rest my feet a little. (*Gets slippers from corner of room.*) Weather's turned so warm these old boots make my feet sweat. Wonder if dinner ain't most ready. (*Takes hold of chair preparatory to sitting down. Looks at hand, then at chair.*) Hello! What's all this? (*Touches chair again with finger to make sure of paint.*) Paint,

I declare! Jane's begun her annual painting. (*Wipes hands on boots.*)

*Enter* MRS. BUNKER.

MRS. B. What? You here ready for dinner so quick?

MR. B. Yes, I had a just-before-dinner kind of feeling come over me, so I came up to the house to see what could be done about it.

MRS. B. Well, dinner isn't ready yet. You'll have to wait a spell. But say—don't set in that chair. It's painted.

MR. B. I've found that out already. I—

MRS. B. You haven't sat in it, have you?

MR. B. Not quite. Come pretty near going ker-plunk into it, though. I just pulled it out ready when—

MRS. B. You've had hold of it? I'll bet you've—yes, you've daubed it all up with your fingers. (*Gets paint and brush and smooths it over.*) You're just as bad as Tom. You and he never can leave anything alone. I never yet painted a piece of furniture but what one or both of you daubed it all up before it got dry.

MR. B. I'm sorry, Jane, but—

MRS. B. Yes, you're awful sorry. I can almost see the tears in your eyes. But I guess likely it'll be safe enough now. You and Tom have both taken a turn at it. (*Exit with paint and brush.*)

MR. B. (*sitting in rocking chair to remove boots*). How in tunket was I to know whether it was painted or not? I guess it didn't do much harm anyway. (*A knock is heard.*) Come in.

*Enter* DEACON FLANDERS.

DEACON. Howdy do, Jim?.

MR. B. How are you, Deacon. Going away?

DEACON. Going down to Jed Wilkin's auction.

MR. B. That's so. It is today. I'd forgotten all about it.

DEACON. Yes, thought I'd step in and see if you didn't want to go along.

MR. B. I would like to go, Deacon, but I haven't had my dinner yet.

DEACON. Well, I'll wait a spell if you're thinking of going.

MR. B. 'Twon't take long. (*Goes to door at R. and calls to Jane outside.* DEACON *sits in painted chair.*) Say, Jane, guess I'll take a lunch and not wait for dinner. The Deacon wants me to go over to Jed's auction with him.

*Enter* MRS. BUNKER.

MRS. B. Well, dinner's just about ready. You can sit down and go to eating if you're—Why, Deacon, you're sitting right in my chair that I've just finished painting. (DEACON *jumps up and looks at chair.*)

DEACON. Well, I swan. I never noticed it.

MRS. B. Oh, dear me! Now I've got it all to paint over again.

*Enter* TOM.

TOM (*pointing at DEACON's trousers*). Ho! ho! ho! Look at the Deacon's pants. He's got a dandy coat of paint on 'em.

MR. B. By gracious! You've got more on you than there is on the chair.

MRS. B. Why, it's all over the back of your coat, too.

DEACON (*feeling at back and attempting to look at it*). I don't know what my wife'll say about it. She didn't want me to wear these clothes anyway, fear something would happen to 'em.

MR. B. I guess something's happened, all right. I'm glad I'm not in your shoes.

TOM. Pshaw! I wouldn't care anything about being in his shoes, but I wouldn't want to be in his pants.

DEACON. I guess we'll have to give up the auction. I'll have to go home and see if I can't get this off



'fore prayer meeting time. But I'm awfully sorry about that chair, Mrs. Bunker.

MRS. B. Don't worry about that, Deacon. Of course I'll have to paint it over, but that isn't a drop in the bucket to the trouble it's going to be to get it out of your clothes. I pity poor Mrs. Flanders.

DEACON. We'll get it out some way between us. My wife's pretty good at such things. (*Exit L.*)

MR. B. Well, wife, next time you have a chair to paint be sure and put up a sign, "Look out for paint."

MRS. B. The next time I paint one I'll put it up in the garret to dry where it won't be quite so attractive to you men folks.

### CURTAIN.

### PAT'S LETTER.

#### CHARACTERS.

PAT O'BRADY.

KATIE O'REILLY.

SCENE: *A kitchen. KATIE has just finished washing dishes and is cleaning and putting away the dish-pan.*

*Enter PAT, L., very quietly. He stands a moment and gazes at KATIE.*

KATIE (*turning about quickly and discovering PAT*). Whisht, Pat, how ye scairt me, ye spalpeen.

PAT. Well, now, I do declare, yez do be aisy scairt.

KATIE. 'Tis yersilf comes stalin' in so soft an' shtill. I didn't iver know yez was here.

PAT. Have yez got yer work all done already, Katie?

KATIE. Yis; yez don't think I work all day an' all night beside, do ye?

PAT. Well, I've got me own work at the barn done, too, an' I jist come in to see if yez wouldn't be afther doin' me a bit uv a favor.



KATIE. Shure an' I'll be glad to do it if ye'll tell me phwat it is.

PAT. I want yez to help me write a letter.

KATIE. A letter to who?

PAT. To me swateheart.

KATIE. A swateheart? I niver knew yez had wan before. Does she be livin' in the ould country?

PAT. I won't say whether she be livin' here or yon. Pwhat I want to know is if yez will help me write a letter. Is it "yis" or "no"?

KATIE. Yis, to be shure I'll help ye, but wheriver will yez get paper and pen?

PAT. I've got ivrything that's naded right here in me pocket, so all ye'll have to do is to set to work at once. (*Takes pen, ink bottle, one or two sheets of paper and envelope from pocket and places them on table. KATIE sits down to write.*)

KATIE. Mebbe the swate girl will not be able to rade me writin' whin it's done.

PAT. 'Twould be a blind person as couldn't make out yer illegant hand writin', Miss Katie.

KATIE (*ready to write*). Well, phwat comes first?

PAT. Say, "My Dear Swateheart."

KATIE. Don't yez want me to write her name so she'll be shure it's for her own swate silf?

PAT. Niver moind about thot. We'll put it on the envelope.

KATIE (*writing*). All right. Phwat nixt?

PAT. Tell her I write this letter to express me love fer her.

KATIE (*writing*). Yis.

PAT. An' tell her I think uv her the first thing whin I wake up in the mornin' an' the lasht thing before goin' to slape at night, an' a thousand toimes—

KATIE (*writing fast*). Wait a bit till I've caught up. (*Writes.*) There! "A thousand toimes—"

PAT. I think uv her a thousand toimes a day no matter phwat I'm doin', whether mindin' a harness or clanin' off a horse.

KATIE (*writing*). Yis, I've got thot.

PAT. Tell her I've been rakin' an' scrapin' iver since I came over to this country, an' now I've—

KATIE. Hould on! I can't kape up wid ye. (*Writes.*) Phwat nixt? "An' now I've—"

PAT. An' now I've a nate little sum uv money laid by in the bank.

KATIE (*writes, then turns to PAT*). D'ye moind tellin' me jist how much ye've got laid by, Pat?

PAT. Can yez kape a sacret?

KATIE. I'll thry awful hard.

PAT. Well, thin (*in lower tone and looking about to see if anyone is within hearing*). I've got—ye're shure yez won't tell nobody?

KATIE. Shure as me name is Katie O'Reilly.

PAT. I've got jist a hundred and forty-nine dollars an' 'liven cints.

KATIE. Faith, an' it's a foine bit uv a nist egg ye've got, Pat.

PAT. Yes, so it be. Tell her I'm lookin' ahead an' dramin' uv the toime whin I shall have a little home uv me own.

KATIE (*writing*). I think I can guess phwat's nixt. Ye're goin' to ask her to marry yez.

PAT. Yis, thot's phwat I was thinkin' uv, but I don't know jist how to go about it. Could yiz help me out wid this delicate matther, Katie?

KATIE. Why don't yez come right out an' ask her to be yer woife, an' not be batin' about the bush?

PAT. I thought mebbe 'twould look betther on paper if 'twas put in illegant language. Don't yez think so?

KATIE. Well, thin, yez might say, "Twill be awful lonesome livin' all by mesilf whin me heart is achin' for a companion to share me little home wid me."

PAT. Thot sounds foine, but will she undershtand jist phwat I want?

KATIE. Thin yez might add, "If yer moind is favorable to sharin' it wid me, will yez plaze to name the day yez will become Mrs. Patrick O'Brady?"

PAT. Thot's all right. It couldn't be done better. Tell her to write immejutly, or sooner if possible, for I'm waitin' in fear an' tremblin' for the answer thot decides me fate.

KATIE (*writing*). I've got thot down.

PAT. Do yez think she'll be afther givin' her consent, Katie?

KATIE. Uv course, if she's in her right moind. She wouldn't be missin' the chance uv a foine young mon loike yersilf.

PAT. Well, I'm hopin' for the bist. Now close it wid these words, "Yours, wid a heart brimful uv love, Patrick O'Brady."

KATIE (*writing*). Now what will yez have on the outside? I'm jist dyin' to foind out the name uv the swate gurl.

PAT. The name is—is—oh, what iver shall I say?

KATIE. Phwat ails ye, Pat? Phwat are yez afraid to tell it for?

PAT. I dunno why I should be, for a foine name it is thot.

KATIE. Well, phwat is it?

PAT. Miss Katie O'Reilly.

KATIE. Phwat? The letter for me? Yez don't mane it, Pat. Ye're jokin'.

PAT. Not a bit uv a joke. I'm in dead earnest, an' I'm lookin' for an answer soon.

KATIE (*clapping hands*). Oh, it's too good to be true. Yez can have yer answer now.

PAT. Will yez accept?

KATIE. I will.

PAT. Begorra, thin we'll seal it wid a kiss. (*Kisses her.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

## READING "THE WEEKLY BANNER."

CHARACTERS.

MRS. DUSENBERRY.

MRS. MUGGINS.

BOB DUSENBERRY.

BOB *appears to be busy making a kite during the time he is upon the stage, but at the same time is very attentive to what is going on about him.*

SCENE: MRS. DUSENBERRY'S kitchen or back porch.

*Enter* MRS. DUSENBERRY *with dish of apples.*

MRS. D. La, me; I guess I'll get a chance to sit down a few minutes while I pare these apples. I've been on the go ever since five o'clock this mornin'. (*Sits down and begins to pare apples.*) I have to keep Ezra supplied with apple pies no matter what happens. I never see sech a man as he is for apple pie in my born days. He'd eat it three times a day if I'd let him an' there wouldn't be no livin' with him if he didn't have it twice a day anyway. An' Bob is jest like him—a chip off the old block. Now as for me I'd ruther have plenty of good pork an' 'taters an' beans an' cabbage any day in the week.

*Enter* BOB, *with kite partly made.*

BOB. Say, ma, Mirandy Muggins is comin' up the road. I'll bet she's coming here.

MRS. D. I s'pose likely she is. I wonder what she wants to borrow now?

BOB. Say, ma, if you don't want to see her I'll tell her you ain't at home.

MRS. D. You needn't trouble yerself. I ain't said I didn't want to see her, have I?

BOB. I thought you acted it.

MRS. D. Wal, you jest 'tend to your own knittin' work an' I'll 'tend to mine. (*A sound is heard outside.*)

BOB. Here she is now, ma.

*Enter* MRS. MUGGINS *with newspaper.*

MRS. M. Howdy do, Mrs. Dusenberry. I don't stop to knock—jest walk right in; that's my way.

MRS. D. I'm awful glad to see ye. How be ye?

MRS. M. Oh, I'm purty fair-to-middlin'. I've jest got the Weekly Banner an' I thought I'd run over an' read the news to ye. I allers read 'em to Joshua fust when he's home, but he's gone over to Billy Mack's auction today, so you see I'm all alone.

MRS. D. Ezra's gone over there, too, but he ain't goin' to stay long.

MRS. M. I allers like to have somebody 'round when I read the news so's we can talk 'em over together. Don't you like that way better?

MRS. D. Yes. Ezra allers reads the paper out loud.

MRS. M. (*opening paper*). I wonder what's in the paper this week anyway. I allers start off with the deaths an' marriages fust an' then branch off onto sociables an' visitors an' sech like. (*She adjusts glasses and looks at paper.*) Humph! There don't seem to be any deaths this week. Now ain't that funny?

BOB. I'll bet everybody's been taking them stomach bitters that feller was sellin' 'round here last month. Must be pretty good stuff.

MRS. M. Wal, if there ain't any deaths I can't read 'em, so I'll try the marriages. (*Looks at paper.*) Oh, here's a weddin', or goin' to be one.

MRS. D. Who is it? I ain't heerd of anybody goin' to get married.

MRS. M. Wal, I swan! It's somebody you never thought of, nor me either. Here's jest what it says: (*Reads.*)

"A marriage license has just been granted to Mr. Simon Brink and Almira Jepson."

MRS. D. So Almira's goin' to jump the broomstick at last, is she? Wal, I never!

MRS. M. That 'most took my breath away. Why, nobody ever thought they'd come to the pint. They've been goin' together for twenty years, anyway.



MRS. D. Yes, all of that. They was goin' together that year I had the quiltin' bee to our house—time we made the quilt that's on my spare bed—an' let me see, that was twenty-one years ago in April.

BOB. Say, ma, what they goin' to jump over the broomstick for?

MRS. D. Land! Ain't you never heerd tell about jumpin' the broomstick? It means gettin' married.

BOB. Say, I bet when they do get married she'll take the broomstick to him worse'n you do to pa.

MRS. M. Jest hear this, will ye? (*Reads.*)

"Lem Haskett has traded his house and barn at Blinkley's Corners for an automobile. Moses Green, the new owner, will take possession the first of the month." Now what d'ye think about that? An' he 'most eighty years old.

MRS. D. The fools ain't all dead yet. It's jest about as much sense as I thought he had. The older he gets the less he knows.

BOB. Then bimeby he won't know any more'n a two-year-old baby, will he ma?

MRS. M. Wal, he warn't never overstocked 'cordin' to my opinion. But what's he goin' to do for a place to eat an' sleep I'd like to know. He can't do neither one in an ortermobile.

MRS. D. I s'pose probably he'll go an' live 'long with his son over to Pikeville.

BOB. Gee! I'll bet he gets his head busted with that old benzine buggy.

MRS. M. (*looking at paper*). Wal, I declare! What won't happen next! (*Reads.*)

"Miss Mabel Dodd will give a whooping cough party at her home in Smith Hollow next Friday evening. About twenty of her friends, all of whom are afflicted with the malady, have been invited."

MRS. D. A whoopin' cough party? Whoever heerd the like? An' twenty of 'em you say? My land! The hull town must be havin' it. Be they goin' to give a prize to the one that whoops the loudest?

MRS. M. I dunno 'bout that. It don't say. But I remember when I had it, there was fifteen in our family had it all at once.

MRS. D. Was there any more left to have it, Mirandy?

MRS. M. Wal, no; 'cause you see four of 'em had had it already.

BOB. Gee whilliken! Don't I wish there was nineteen in our family. Wouldn't we have a regular Sunday School picnic? You bet. (*Gives long whistle.*) 'Twould be jest like a s'prise party all the time.

MRS. D. I guess 'twould be more like a lunatic asylum if they was all like you.

MRS. M. Dear me! There was an awful big fire over to Squashville last week. (*Reads.*)

"Jim Podger's hogpen and smokehouse were burned to the ground last Wednesday evening about eleven o'clock. One hog and four hams were also consumed. The fire is supposed to have started from the smokehouse."

BOB. Does that count the two hams that was on the hog, Mis' Muggins?

MRS. M. Goodness me! I dunno 'bout that. I don't s'pose it does.

BOB. 'Cause if it don't that makes six hams in all that was burned.

MRS. D. My sakes! It's a wonder it didn't burn his new barn.

MRS. M. I s'pose likely the wind was in t'other direction or 'twould have gone.

MRS. D. Now if't had been mine everything would have burned down slick and clean, house an' all. That would have been jest my luck. I tell ye, Mrs. Muggins, some folks is born lucky an' some ain't.

BOB. Well, 'tain't very good luck to have a hog burn up, is it?

MRS. M. Here's some more news. (*Reads.*)

"Betsy Ann Bogardus of Woodchuck Hill is visit-

ing her niece, Mrs. Hiram Titus, for a couple of weeks."

MRS. D. Wal, now, I'd like to see Aunt Betsy awful well. I've a good mind to ask her over to supper some day.

MRS. M. I've heerd tell how she's lookin' for another man.

MRS. D. You don't say! Why, it don't seem more'n three months since Steve Bogardus took sick of pneumonia an' died. Aunt Betsy thought Steve Bogardus made the world, too, but then I s'pose she must get awful lonesome livin' all alone. I dunno's I blame her for wantin' to get another man.

MRS. M. That's jest as people think. Now as for me, if Joshua should kick the bucket I wouldn't think of gettin' married agin in less'n a year, but then there's some folks would be all ready an' even baitin' their hook for another one the next day.

MRS. D. Wal, I do hope she'll find some one jest as good as Steve was.

MRS. M. I've been thinkin' of Silas Doolittle. If she could only catch him she'd have a good home.

MRS. D. Now you speak of it, I've got a good notion to ask 'em both over to supper some time next week.

BOB. Ho! ho! ho! She'd get a prize if she got old Si Doolittle. Why, he's too old to get married.

MRS. D. I guess there ain't anybody too old to get married if they feel like it an' can find anybody to have 'em.

MRS. M. Seems to be lots of news this week. (*Reads.*)

"A donation will be held at the parsonage next Wednesday evening for the benefit of the pastor, Rev. John Scroggs. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance as the minister is almost out of coal."

MRS. D. Wal, I hope they'll get something besides apples an' cabbages this year. Everybody carried them

last year 'cause they was so plenty an' wasn't hardly wuth sellin'.

MRS. M. You're right, Mrs. Dusenberry. A minister's family can't live on biled cabbages an' apple sass all the time any more'n other folks.

BOB. I'll bet they made most of them cabbages into sauer kraut, 'cause Jimmy Scroggs used to bring it to school every day last winter.

MRS. M. I've got my mind all made up what I'm goin' to carry. It's one of them fancy sofy pillers that Martha an' me made last summer.

BOB. Gee! A sofy piller won't buy much coal, will it, Mis' Muggins?

MRS. M. Wal, I guess they'll want something else besides coal, an' they can't buy no sech nice pillers in the store neither.

MRS. D. For my part, I never tried to buy any, so I ain't no jedge. I allers have to make mine or go without.

MRS. M. Now listen to this, Mrs. Dusenberry. If we ain't gettin' to be real cityfied right here in Pun-kin Center. Speakin' 'bout stores, Cal. Wiggins is goin' to have a real out-an'-out bargain day jest like they have in —— an' —— . (*Name any local places.*)

MRS. D. You don't say! Does it tell what he's goin' to sell cheap?

MRS. M. Why, yes; he's got seven-cent calico for six an' three-quarters cents, an' blue checked shirtin' that he's been gettin' twelve cents for he's goin' to sell for 'leven and a half cents.

MRS. D. I've got to get some shirtin' for Ezra. He ain't had any new shirts in two years. When's it goin' to be?

MRS. M. I ain't found out yet?—oh, yes—it's Saturday. Why, that's tomorrer.

MRS. D. Say, let's you an' me arrange to go down together, Mirandy.

MRS. M. So we will, an' now I must be goin'. I've

got to read the news to old Mis' Sniffles. (*Starts to go, then turns quickly.*) Oh, say, I'd most forgot. Martha wanted us to practice up on that song for the Farmers' Picnic while I'm here.\*

MRS. D. La, me, I dunno if I can sing it or not.

BOB. Yes, you can, ma. I heard you singing it this morning.

MRS. D. I'll do the best I can anyway.

(*They may sing some old-fashioned song.*)

MRS. M. Wal, good-bye, Mrs. Dusenberry. I'll be over here in time to go to that bargain sale tomorrer mornin' unless something dreadful happens in the meantime. (*Exit.*)

BOB. Gee! She makes me sick every time she comes.

MRS. M. Lawsy me, I'd forgot them pies, an' now you an' your pa won't have any for dinner.

BOB. Jimminy Crickets! No pie for dinner. (*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

\*NOTE.—*If desired, the singing may be omitted. In that case omit also the remarks which refer to it.*



## ROSES AND ROMANCES.

## CHARACTERS.

EPHRAIM SMITH }  
ELIJAH SMITH } *Twin Brothers.*

MISS SEARS.

MISS BLISS.

SCENE I: *A sitting room at EPHRAIM's home. The general appearance of the room indicates the need of a housekeeper.*

EPHRAIM is discovered seated with paper in hand.

EPHRAIM. I never thought I should ever come to the point of seeking a wife through a matrimonial paper. Of course there are plenty of good, sensible girls right here in this town, but the trouble is I'm so tormented bashful I don't dare pop the question to any of them. Funny I should have found this matrimonial paper on the street as I did, and then to have my attention drawn at once to that young lady's advertisement. It just seems sometimes as if such things were destined to be so and the means for bringing them about develop in spite of ourselves. At any rate the advertisement just took my fancy and the correspondence since then hasn't lessened my estimation of the young lady. Let's see, it said she was twenty-five years old, didn't it? (*Looks at paper.*) That isn't bad. (*Reads.*) Fairly good looking but not beautiful." Well, "beauty is but skin deep," so it'll be all right provided she's got a good heart and her disposition is right. It says she's a Christian—that'll suit me. (*Reads.*) "Desires a good home." Well, she'll find as good a home here as one can wish for. Now let's see what kind of a man she wants. (*Reads.*) "Age somewhere between twenty-five and forty." Well, I'm thirty-two and a little over, so that's a pretty good average. (*Reads.*) "Industrious." Humph! I've never

heard anyone say I was lazy or shiftless. (*Reads.*) "Must have no bad habits." Now I wonder if I have got any bad habits. I can't think of any unless it is going to sleep in church and I'll have to break myself of that. Now let's read the letter again. (*Reads letter which he takes from pocket.*)

Dear Ephraim:

I received your letter and photograph. I have placed your picture on the shelf beside the clock where I can see it often. Whenever I look at the two—the clock and your picture—I am reminded that the time will not be long before I shall see you in your own home (which I hope some day to call my own also) if everything turns out as satisfactorily as we have planned it. I shall arrive on the train reaching Granville about five o'clock. You will know me by a red rose which I will wear on my waist. I wish you would also wear one on your coat lapel.

Good-bye till we see each other.

MINNIE.

Well, I hope everything turns out right. I must go now and see about getting a rose. I'll get an "American Beauty." (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II: *The shed of a railway station. Signs over the doors indicate "Waiting Room," "To the Trains," etc. A prolonged whistle in the distance, ringing of bell, rolling of weights on floor, etc., indicate the arrival of train. The conductor's "All aboard," ringing of bell and spitting of cushion with hand indicate the departure of train. All this takes place behind the scenes. Various people carrying suit cases, etc., cross the stage as if coming from train.*

*Enter* EPHRAIM, *looking from one to another.*

EPHRAIM. I haven't seen anything of that red rose yet, and I've lost mine somewhere, so she won't know me. *Enter* MISS BLISS, R., *with rose in hand.*

EPHRAIM. Ah, here's my turtle dove. (*Rushes up to her.*) Well, my dear, you found the way all right.

MISS B. (*aside*). My! How affectionate he acts. (*Aloud.*) This is Mr. Smith, isn't it?

EPHRAIM. Yes, ma'am, that's what they call me—Ephraim Smith.

MISS B. Were you afraid I wouldn't come?

EPHRAIM. Oh, no, not at all; but I was looking for the rose. I didn't see it at first.

MISS B. (*aside*). How funny! I found this on the platform. (*Aloud.*) You seem to be fond of roses.

EPHRAIM. It depends where they are. My heart's been yearning for you a good while, dearest.

MISS B. (*aside*). The man is either lovesick or crazy. (*Aloud.*) I s'pose you get tired of living alone and not having anyone to see to your cooking.

EPHRAIM. It isn't all the cooking. I desire more than all a helpmate—a companion—one whom I can confide in at all times both in joy and sorrow.

MISS B. I thought I was coming to be your house-keeper.

EPHRAIM. Not a housekeeper alone, but a home-keeper as well. If it's agreeable to you, let's not put off the happy event any longer, but go direct to the minister's and have the knot tied.

MISS B. (*aside*). Why, the idea! (*Aloud.*) Isn't it rather sudden, Mr. Smith—something like love at first sight?

EPHRAIM. Why, no, considering the correspondence we have had.

MISS B. (*aside*). What correspondence, I wonder.

EPHRAIM. What do you say—is it "yes" or "no"?

MISS B. It's awful sudden, but I guess I'll say "Yes." (*Aside.*) He seems to be a good man and I've waited a good many years for that question. (*Exeunt L.*)

MISS SEARS, *who has been wandering anxiously in and out of waiting room during the above conversation, now approaches center of stage.*

MISS S. Dear me! I don't see why Ephraim doesn't come. He wrote me he would be sure to meet me at the station. Here I've come two hundred miles purpose to see him and if things don't turn out well now I shall be so sorry I advertised in that matrimonial paper. Maybe something has delayed him or maybe he was here and couldn't find me because I was foolish enough to lose my rose. Why, here he comes now. I know because he wears a lovely rose.

*Enter ELIJAH. MISS S. rushes up to him.*

MISS S. Oh, Ephraim, I'm so glad you've come. I began to think maybe you'd forgotten me. My! Such a beautiful rose you have. (*Smells it.*) Why, you look just like your picture. I should have known you in China. I believe we're going to suit each other nicely, don't you?

ELIJAH. Haven't you made a mistake, lady? My name isn't Ephraim.

MISS S. Aren't you Mr. Smith?

ELIJAH. I am Elijah Smith, but not Ephraim. Ephraim and me are twin brothers.

MISS S. Oh, dear! What shall I do? I expected him here to meet me. We were to be married if everything was satisfactory.

ELIJAH. What? You and Ephraim going to be married? Funny I hadn't heard him mention it.

MISS S. We were each to wear a rose, but I lost mine in getting off the car.

ELIJAH. And I found this one up the road a piece.

MISS S. I had lotted so much upon this first meeting and now to have it fizzle out. Oh, dear!

ELIJAH. I was expecting a lady on this same train. She was coming to take the place of my old housekeeper who quit last week. You see Ephraim and me are both old bachelors and live on adjoining farms.

MISS S. Well, I must say your brother is a "gay deceiver."



ELIJAH. I guess that's so. He's played you a mean trick, Miss—by the way what is your name?

MISS S. Miss Minnie Sears.

ELIJAH. Well, now, Miss Sears, since we've both been disappointed, I've a proposition to make. I like your appearance pretty well, and I need a woman awful bad to look after things at home; so I suggest that I take Ephraim's place in this deal.

MISS S. Oh, will you? I shall be delighted. I know you're a good man.

ELIJAH. And you'll have a mighty good home with me. We'll get married this evening.

MISS S. Oh, Elijah, I don't know how to thank you.

ELIJAH. There'll be enough ways to thank me. You don't need to do it all at once. But now we've got that matter decided on there's no use staying here any longer. (*They start toward L.*) By George! Here comes Ephraim now—and who's he got with him?

*Enter EPHRAIM and MISS BLISS.*

EPHRAIM. Well, well, I guess there's been a big mistake here. I don't know how we're ever going to get things straightened out again. Lige, this is Miss Bliss—the lady that came to see about keeping house for you. (*To MISS SEARS.*) And I judge this must be Miss Sears. I certainly owe you an apology.

MISS S. It's all right, Ephraim. I was disappointed at first, but Elijah and I have come to an understanding in the matter, and—well, I expect to be your neighbor after this.

EPHRAIM. That so? Well, I haven't any fault to find with that arrangement.

ELIJAH. How about Miss Bliss?

MISS B. I shall be provided for. I have taken a life job of cooking for Ephraim.

EPHRAIM. Things have turned out pretty satisfactory after all, even if the roses did get mixed.

CURTAIN.



## SOCIETY IN SPICERVILLE.

## CHARACTERS.

MR. BROOKS.

MRS. BROOKS.

SCENE: *A sitting room in the BROOKS home.*MR. and MRS. BROOKS *discovered seated.*

MRS. B. Mrs. Brownell was over this morning, dear.

MR. B. Well, what new scheme has she got under her bonnet now? Something important, I imagine.

MRS. B. Why, yes. She's organizing a new club.

MR. B. Great Cæsar! A new club? What's it for this time?

MRS. B. It's a Literary Workers' Club.

MR. B. I was not aware there were any literary workers here in Spicerville.

MRS. B. Oh, yes, there are. Mrs. Peters is the local contributor to the Weekly Banner and—and Mrs. Greenbaum wrote a poem once for the "Pacific Monthly." It was a grand poem.

MR. B. Come back again, didn't it?

MRS. B. Why, yes. But the fact that her poem was returned by the magazine doesn't make her any the less a literary worker, does it?

MR. B. That depends upon whether there was any literary merit in the poem.

MRS. B. There certainly was. All the ladies read it and pronounced it a masterpiece.

MR. B. I see my mistake. I perceive that there is more talent in this town than I have given it credit for.

MRS. B. Then, of course, we're all interested in the study of literature.

MR. B. Um—yes. I suppose you've consented to join it.

MRS. B. Why, really, I don't see how I can do any other way. Mrs. Brownell was one of the first to join my Physical Culture Club.

MR. B. It's an old saying that "Turn about is fair play," but I can't see for the life of me how you're ever going to crowd all the meetings of your various clubs into one short week. You must belong to a dozen clubs already, don't you?

MRS. B. Mercy, no. I only belong to six counting this last one.

MR. B. Are you sure it's only six?

MRS. B. Quite sure.

MR. B. (*counting on fingers*). Well, let's see. On Monday evening is the—

MRS. B. The Anti-Gossip Society.

MR. B. That's what you call it, but I can't see that gossip has decreased very much since it started.

MRS. B. We're stopping it by degrees. It takes time.

MR. B. Good things come slow—tremendously slow.

MRS. B. Well, if you should visit some of our meetings I'm sure you would notice a great improvement.

MR. B. Thank you, I don't care to intrude. All I've got to say is, that from my observation of women I've come to the conclusion that it's absolutely impossible for them to cease from gossiping.

MRS. B. Indeed! And what I have to say is that the women are no bigger gossips than men. If you can find a group of women anywhere that can gossip as much in one hour as that crowd of men that gather down to Bink's store every night can do in ten minutes, I'd like to have you point it out to me. It occurs to me I've seen your face in that assemblage, too.

MR. B. Um-m. Let's proceed with those other societies. On Tuesday evening is the—

MRS. B. The society for the proper training and care of babies.

MR. B. Say, my dear, how many babies are there in that society of yours?

MRS. B. Why—er—there's only one now.

MR. B. That's what I've heard. Say, can you tell me what these old maids that belong to it know about taking care of babies?

MRS. B. We haven't any of us learned very much about it yet. You see the club hasn't been running long.

MR. B. Well, it's my opinion you ought to change the name to "The Society for the Proper Training and Care of Poodle Dogs." I'll guarantee there are more poodle dogs than babies.

MRS. B. I won't dispute your word about that. In fact, I know there are. Miss Bunson and Miss Clancy both have poodles, but they say they'd rather have them about the house than a man any day, especially the kind they've seen around Spicerville.

MR. B. Um-m; yes. I surmise that there's more than one reason for it. Let's proceed, however, with those societies. Wednesday evening is next, isn't it?

MRS. B. The Physical Culture Club meets then.

MR. B. The Physical Torture Club, as John Bobbs calls it. John says they do some mighty queer stunts there.

MRS. B. What does John Bobbs know about it?

MR. B. Search me. I suppose he hears his wife tell about it when she gets home. Henry Myers says his wife used to put him through some of the tricks when she first joined. It used to make him so lame that he finally rebelled.

MRS. B. The idea! And you believe all that nonsense, do you?

MR. B. Why shouldn't I? He's a justice of the peace.

MRS. B. He certainly isn't acting in his official capacity when he tells such yarns as that.

MR. B. There's one thing that puzzles me, and that is how you women folks can go through with such circus performances and be laced up as tight as some of you are.

MRS. B. Do you know what you're talking about, Mr. Brooks?

MR. B. I know one thing—I'd make a fool of myself if I were to put a straight-jacket on and then go to trying some of the things John Bobbs and Henry Myers say their wives do.

MRS. B. I should think those men could find enough to do without discussing the women's affairs. Don't they have any work?

MR. B. Oh, they're right on to their job most of the time.

MRS. B. Yes, holding down nail kegs. If we women made as big fools of ourselves in one week as you men make of yourselves every day of your lives, we'd be ashamed to be seen on the streets.

MR. B. Now, Marie.

MRS. B. It's so. I wonder if you've forgotten the time you went to George Halcomb's sugar party and sat down in Miss Wright's dish of sugar, or the time you took Mrs. Goodfellow and Mrs. Tilson boat riding and fell over the side of the boat and they had to pull you out? And then that time you and Henry Myers put on roller skates down at the rink—

MR. B. Never mind, my dear. Let's finish counting up those societies. Where were we at? Oh, Thursday—that's the Aid Society.

MRS. B. Prayer meeting is on Thursday evening, you know, and our Society for the Social Advancement and Spiritual Education of the Heathen comes in the afternoon.

MR. B. Great Scott! That's a new one, isn't it? I thought the Aid Society came then.

MRS. B. It used to be the Aid Society, but we changed the name.

MR. B. Well, you've got name enough now. I suppose there wasn't enough style about the other one.

MRS. B. That wasn't the reason we changed it. The present name indicates our mission much better than the old one.

MR. B. Let me suggest that instead of wasting your time and energy on the ungrateful heathen of other lands that you change the name of your society again as well as its mission.

MRS. B. What would you change it to?

MR. B. The Society for the Improvement of Domestic Sociability and for the Better Treatment of Neglected Husbands.

MRS. B. That name is worse than ours.

MR. B. It's all right when you get used to it.

MRS. B. I'm afraid it will be a good while before we get used to it.

MR. B. Well, if you don't want to give up the heathen you might start this one as a side line to some other club.

MRS. B. I think it would be quite appropriate to start it as an adjunct to the heathen society.

MR. B. Um-m. What's next? What comes on Friday?

MRS. B. The Society for the Promotion of Woman's Suffrage.

MR. B. Oh, pshaw! That's an old chestnut.

MRS. B. We're gaining every day. The papers say so.

MR. B. Then I suppose you think you'll have the right to vote for president soon.

MRS. B. If we do, we'll show the men a thing or two. We'll show them how to get rid of some of the bosses. We won't have bosses in our domestic life, neither will we have them in our public life.

MR. B. I see you're bound to have the last word every time. What society comes Saturday?

MRS. B. We're going to have our literary society then.

MR. B. And Sunday?

MRS. B. Why, nothing except our Bible Society.

MR. B. Is that all? Aren't you going to start any more new ones?



MRS. B. Mrs. Grover wants to start one for the study of occult science and the advancement of psychologic research.

MR. B. Please explain. I'm not up on dictionary terms.

MRS. B. Why, psychologic pertains to the soul.

MR. B. My soul! What won't you think of next? Say, I've got an idea that if you got up a society for darning socks and mending common everyday pants, it would be about as useful a one as you could think of.

MRS. B. But, my dear, we don't have time for such things.

MR. B. Why not work it in along with Mrs. Grover's psychologic society?

MRS. B. That would never do. They would mix about as well as oil and water. (*Suddenly, as if a new thought had occurred to her.*) But I'll see what I can do. I think perhaps I can manage it some way, John.

MR. B. Well, I must go to the office now, dear. Think it over. It's a chance for each and every one of you to win the everlasting esteem and gratitude of your long-suffering husbands.

CURTAIN.

## THE TAILOR-MADE SUIT.

## CHARACTERS.

MR. DODD.    MRS. DODD.    MRS. GRAHAM.

BILLY, *a messenger boy.*SCENE: *A sitting room.*

*Enter* MRS. DODD, *wearing an elaborate gown and carrying a gorgeously trimmed hat.*

MRS. D. I'm going to give John a surprise when he comes home, by wearing my new hat and gown. I know he'll be surprised, too, when he finds how much they cost; but I really can't help it. I couldn't go to that Simpson-Brownell wedding with anything less expensive than these. Some of my friends paid a good deal more for their outfits than I did. It's a good thing, however, that such stylish affairs don't occur every day. If they did John would be bankrupt. (*Noise outside.*) There! He's coming now.

*Enter* MR. DODD, *R., with package.*

MR. D. Hello, I've got here at last. Had to stop in at Jenks' and get my new suit. (*Notices* MRS. D.'s suit.) Well, well, what's all this? Your new rig, eh?

MRS. D. Do you think it looks well enough to wear to Helen Brownell's wedding?

MR. D. Good enough? Well, I should say! That hat's a swell affair, isn't it?

MRS. D. And don't you think this gown is a beautiful creation?

MR. D. It's a regular stunner. But say, I'll bet it cost all creation, too, didn't it?

MRS. D. It didn't cost so much as Marie Babcock's. Her's cost two hundred dollars.

MR. D. Great Scott! You don't mean to say it cost—

MRS. D. Mine only cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

MR. D. Well, that's enough. My suit only cost forty dollars.

MRS. D. That's different. Women's clothes always cost more than men's. I think I got a real bargain. It's almost as nice as Marie's, even if she did pay so much more. Just see how fine and thin this is. (*Holds skirt for him to examine.*)

MR. D. (*holding pocketbook*). Just see how thin this is, too.

MRS. D. Oh, John, you're bound to tease me. You know you'd be ashamed of me if I were not dressed as well as the other ladies at the wedding.

MR. D. Well, I won't be ashamed of you in that toggery, I'm sure. Really you do look swell and no fooling about it, either.

MRS. D. I'm awfully glad to hear you say it. I knew you'd think so. But did I hear you say you'd got your new suit from Jenks?

MR. D. Yes, just brought it home.

MRS. D. Have you tried it on?

MR. D. Not since it was finished. Haven't had time yet.

MRS. D. Well, why don't you go and try it on now? I'd like to see how it looks.

MR. D. Want to see if you'll be ashamed of me?

MRS. D. No, not that; but of course I'm interested in having you look nice.

MR. D. Well, I'll try it on to please you, but I know it's a perfect fit beforehand. I can always trust Jenks. (*Exit L. with package.*)

MRS. D. (*promenading back and forth and looking at dress admiringly*). My, I've just fallen in love with this dress. I'd like to wear it all the time. I expected John would make an awful fuss about paying so much, but he acted real good about it. I'll have to keep him in good humor until after the bill is settled. (*A knock is heard. MRS. D. goes to door at R.*)

*Enter* MRS. GRAHAM.

MRS. D. Good evening, Mrs. Graham.

MRS. G. Good evening, Mrs. Dodd. I just thought I'd have to run over and see your new dress. Why, you've got it on. Isn't it perfectly lovely? (MRS. D. *turns about while* MRS. G. *examines it.*) Such a lovely fit, too.

MRS. D. It's the first dress I've had in a long time that has fit so nicely.

MRS. G. It couldn't possibly fit any better, that's certain.

MRS. D. Mrs. Graham, you don't know how pleased I am with it. Why, I'm just infatuated with it. I just put it on this evening to surprise John.

MRS. G. Of course he likes it? He can't help it.

MRS. D. Yes, he calls it a stunner.

MRS. G. (*looking at hat*). And your new hat matches it so nicely, too. Why, I'll bet you had to pay as much as two hundred dollars for the two.

MR. D. (*outside*). Well, Susie, I've got them on (*Looks in door and sees MRS. G.*) Oh, I beg pardon. Didn't know there was anyone here.

MRS. G. Oh, don't mind me in the least.

MRS. D. Never mind, John. It's only Mrs. Graham.

*Enter MR. D., wearing a suit much too small for him. To avoid a hasty change, he may wear an ordinary sized pair of trousers and light overcoat over the smaller suit on first entrance. Thus he will have only to remove outer garments.*

MR. D. How do you like the fit, ladies?

(*Both ladies laugh heartily.*)

MRS. D. Why, John, is that your new suit? The idea! It's about ten sizes too small. Just look at the sleeves and the trouser legs and that gap between your trousers and vest.

MR. D. It does fit a little too soon, that's a fact.

MRS. D. Well, I should say so. It's horrible.

MRS. G. Don't you think there's some mistake, Mr. Dodd? It's ridiculous to think that a tailor would

send out such a fit as that. It would ruin his reputation.

MR. D. I can't understand it. It's the very same pattern as mine and it's made up just as mine was to be made, except the size.

MRS. D. Well, it doesn't require glasses to see that the size is wrong. Why, I wouldn't be seen on the street with it to say nothing of wearing it to a wedding.

MR. D. I haven't paid him yet. He'll have to make it right.

MRS. D. Yes, but the wedding is tomorrow night. He won't have time to make a new suit.

MR. D. Looks as if I'd have to rent one for the occasion, then.

MRS. D. Dear me! Everybody will know it's a rented suit. If it was any ordinary wedding I wouldn't care so much about it, but to think of having to go to a grand affair like that with somebody else's clothes on. It's enough to make a body cry.

MR. D. Let the tailor do that. I'm not going to shed any tears over it. I'm going right down there now and relieve my mind a little.

MRS. G. I can't think of Mr. Jenks making such a blunder as that. There must be a mixup somewhere.

MR. D. There'll be a bigger mixup when I get through with him. (*Starts toward R.*)

MRS. D. You aren't going to wear those things down there, are you?

MR. D. Why not? Then he can see for himself.

MRS. D. But I wouldn't want to make such a show of myself on the streets. (*A sound of whistling is heard outside, followed by a quick knock.* MRS. D. goes to door.)

*Enter MESSENGER BOY, goes to MR. D.*

BOY. Is this Mr. Dodd?

MR. D. It is.

BOY. Here's a suit of clothes Mr. Jenks sent and



says as how the ones you have belong to Mr. Slater. He wants me to bring 'em back right away.

MR. D. Well, you'll have to wait until I take them off, young man. (*He unwraps package and removes suit.*) I should think your employer would be more careful.

Boy. He says he gave you the right package but you laid it down again and then picked up this one by mistake.

MR. D. O-o-oh!

MRS. G. I thought it would come out all right. Mr. Jenks is a pretty careful man.

MR. D. Yes, so he is. I'd trust him any time. (*Hurrics off stage.*)

MRS. D. And now we'll be all right for the wedding after all.

CURTAIN.

*If desired Mr. D. may hastily slip the larger trousers over the smaller ones and change coats. The curtain may then be raised again for a moment while Mr. and Mrs. D. step to center of stage and bow to audience.*

## THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

## CHARACTERS.

HIRAM BOGGS.	HENRY PETERS.
NATE GOODMAN.	MARTHA BOGGS.
ALBERT TURNER.	MRS. PETERS.
GRANDPA PETERS.	JENNIE PETERS.
TOM PETERS.	NANCY JENKINS.

*The PETERS family wear very patched clothing; MR. TURNER is well dressed; all others wear plain clothing.*

SCENE I: *An old-fashioned sitting room.*

MR. BOGGS is discovered reading a newspaper. MRS. BOGGS is knitting.

MR. B. I've jist bin readin' 'bout the big dinner they're gettin' up in the city on Thanksgivin', Martha.

MRS. B. That's nothin' new. Them grandees are allers gettin' up a big splurge, or banquet, or somethin' 'nuther.

MR. B. But this one hain't got nothin' to do with the grandees. It's got up for the poor folks—they as can't afford to buy a real bang-up Thanksgivin' dinner for themselves.

MRS. B. Funny I didn't see it in the paper. What else does it say 'bout it? Who's gettin' it up?

MR. B. Why, it's a church society, I guess, an' they expect to feed 'bout five hundred men, women an' children altogether.

MRS. B. My! What a lot of 'em! They must have had to piece a lot of bed quilts to raise all that money. Don't say what they're goin' to eat, does it?

MR. B. It don't say. I s'pose likely they'll have more'n just coffee an' doughnuts.

MRS. B. Don't think of goin', do ye, pa?

MR. B. Hain't been invited yet. There's a number

of people right here in Squashville though, that need to be invited.

MRS. B. What? You don't mean to say there's folks livin' right here that can't afford to buy a Thanksgivin' dinner?

MR. B. That's jest what I do, an' they ain't fur off, neither.

MRS. B. Wal, who be they, for land sakes?

MR. B. One of 'em's Uncle Nate Goodman. I don't s'pose he's had a good square meal since he broke his leg an' had to quit work.

MRS. B. That's so; I didn't think of him.

MR. B. Then there's Nancy Jenkins, that goes out scrubbin'. If she gets a good meal it comes by pretty hard knocks.

MRS. B. Yes, she desarnes a good meal if anybody does, poor old soul.

MR. B. An' that ain't all. There's the Peterses down on the Mill road, an' Mrs. Si Filkins, an'—oh, I guess there's enough of 'em.

MRS. B. But how in the world would they get there?

MR. B. Get where? To the city? I don't s'pose they've been invited any more'n we have. There's probably enough poor folks in the city without comin' 'way out here for 'em.

MRS. B. It does seem a pity they can't be invited somewhere's jest for once. Say, Hiram, I've got an idee!

MR. B. Wal, what is it? Ye're all the time gettin' idees into your head.

MRS. B. Let's get up a big dinner an' invite 'em all over here on Thanksgivin'. We're goin' to be all alone this year. It'll do us all sorts of good to see 'em eat.

MR. B. That's jist what I was thinkin' of myse'f but I didn't dast say so.

MRS. B. I know ye're awful 'fraid to say what ye think. To tell the truth, I guess ye hadn't thought

much about it. How long is it 'fore Thanksgivin' anyway? (*Gets calendar and peers over spectacles at it.*) Let' see—why it's only four days more.

MR. B. Wal, hain't that time enough?

MRS. B. I guess mebbe we can get things ready if we set right at it. We'll have to find out if they'll come fust.

MR. B. Don't worry. I guess they'll all be here when they find out who the cook is.

MRS. B. There now, don't go to flatterin' agin. Ye'd better get your hat an' hustle right 'round an' ask 'em so's to be sure.

MR. B. Let's count 'em up agin. (*Counting on fingers.*) There's Uncle Nate, an' Nancy Jenkins, an' Mrs. Si Filkins an' baby, an' Mrs. Peters, an' Grandpa Peters an' the three children—that's nine. We'll set plates for ten.

MRS. B. But who's the other one goin' to be, pa?

MR. B. I don't know yet. Mebbe I'll come across some one on the way. (*Gets hat and starts off.*)

MRS. B. Tell 'em all to be sure an' get here early.

MR. B. Yes, "The early bird catches the worm."

MRS. B. 'Cause we wouldn't want any of 'em to be disappointed. Then when ye get back I'll have a list of things ready for ye to order at the store. (*Exit MR. B.*) Wal, now, I'll go an' see what I've got to have. I do hope they'll come now we've got our minds sot on it. (*Exit.*)

#### CURTAIN.

SCENE II: *Same as in previous scene, with the addition of extra chairs.*

MR. and MRS. BOGGS are discovered awaiting their guests.

MRS. B. Wal, we've got things 'most ready, I guess. The three turkeys are roastin', the cranberry sass is dished out, an' the punkin pies are cut, an' the table is all set for ten folks, but ye hain't told

me yet who the other one is ye've invited. 'Tain't old Miss Gibbs, is it?

MR. B. I should hope not. She'd talk us to death 'fore the dinner was half over. Ye couldn't guess in a week. It's Al Turner.

MRS. B. What! Albert Turner? Why, he's richer'n a Jew.

MR. B. Rich in some things an' poor in others. He's what ye might call a poor rich man.

MRS. B. Wal, I never! D'ye think he'll come?

MR. B. Course he'll come. He give me his word that he would, an' his word's jest as good as his note.

MRS. B. But ye hain't never had his note yet.

MR. B. No, but other folks has. (*Sound outside.*) Hark! There's somebody comin' now. (*A knock is heard.* MR. B. *goes to door.*) Come right in, Uncle Nate.

MRS. B. Yes, come right in, Mr. Goodman. We're real glad to see ye.

*Enter* MR. GOODMAN.

MR. G. An' I'm jest as glad to come. Hain't very often I get invited out to dinner.

MR. B. Wal, ye're invited this time. (*Sound outside.*) Here's some more comin'. (MR. B. *goes to door.*) Come right in—everybody.

*Enter* NANCY JENKINS, MRS. PETERS, GRANDPA PETERS, TOM, HENRY and JENNIE.

NANCY. Wal, we've got here at last, Mis' Boggs. Be we early enough?

MRS. B. Ye've done fust-rate, Nancy—an' here's Mrs. Peters. Ye're lookin' well.

MRS. PETERS. Yes, I'm feelin' pretty well.

MRS. B. An' Mr. Peters, too—ye're as spry as a cricket (*shakes hands*), an' the children, bless your little hearts. Now lay off your things. (*All are busy taking off coats and hats.*)

MR. B. Yes, everybody make yourselves to home. (*All finally take seats.*)



TOM. Oh, goody! I smell the turkey cooking.

JENNIE. So do I. I ain't tasted turkey in so long I've forgot how it tastes.

HENRY. Oh, ma, do you s'pose they'll have cranberry sauce?

MRS. P. Sh! Keep still. Ain't ye 'shamed actin' so.

NANCY. Wal, do tell. How would the dears ever know if they didn't ask?

MRS. P. Oh, say, I forgot to tell ye that Mrs. Filkins can't come. The baby's got the croup.

MRS. B. Wal, now, ain't that too bad.

MRS. P. She felt awful bad to think she couldn't come.

MRS. B. I'll have to do the next best thing an' send her over a basketful of stuff.

TOM. We'll carry it over for you, Mrs. Boggs.

MRS. B. That's real nice of ye, I'm sure. (*Looks around.*) Then I guess everybody's here but Mr. Turner. Don't s'pose anything's happened he can't come?

MR. B. No, he'll be here; see if he ain't.

NANCY. What? Is Al Turner comin'?

MRS. P. I've a good notion to go right back home again.

MRS. B. Why, what'd ye want to do that for?

MRS. P. Oh, he's so rich an' stuck-up like. He don't notice common folks.

CHILDREN (*crying*). Don't go home, ma. We ain't 'fraid of that old crab.

MR. P. Hush, children! We ain't goin' home till we've had some of that turkey; so there. (*Children stop crying and clap hands.*)

MR. G. I don't b'lieve he's so crusty as folks try to make out. He's all right when ye get acquainted with him.

NANCY. Be you acquainted with him, Uncle Nate?

MR. G. Course I be. Used to do considerable work for him, off an' on, 'fore I broke my leg. The

trouble is you folks don't know him. I reckon he gets jest as lonesome as I do sometimes livin' all alone by himself. It'll do him all sorts of good to come here. (*Sound outside.*)

MR. B. That's him comin' now. (*Goes to door.*)  
Come in, Mr. Turner. Glad to see you.

*Enter MR. TURNER.*

MRS. B. Yes, ye're welcome to the best we've got. (*Shake hands. MR. T. also shakes hands with MR. G. and bows to others.*)

MR. T. I was very glad indeed to get the invitation to take dinner with you, and I decided at once to make the most of it.

TOM. Oh, dear! I hope he won't *eat* the most of it.

MR. T. Don't worry, my boy. I didn't mean that. I meant that I would accept the invitation and enjoy myself as much as I could. You see I had been reading about a big dinner they've been getting up in the city, and I had about decided to give one myself, right here in Squashville, but you got the start of me.

MR. B. Yes, that's where I got the idee myself.

MRS. B. Where who got the idee, pa?

MR. B. Oh, I'd forgot. 'Twas you that thought if it fust, wan't it?

MR. T. Well, it's a splendid idea, whoever was first to think of it. I shall lay claim, however, to the Christmas dinner rights. I give you all an invitation now to a big Christmas dinner at my house on Christmas Day. Don't anyone refuse, please.

MR. G. I guess we'll all accept, won't we, folks?

ALL. Yes, yes!

CHILDREN. Oh, goody, goody! Another dinner!

NANCY. Do tell. Here we've been neighbors so long an' we're jest gettin' acquainted with each other. Yes, we'll all go.

MR. T. Thank you. I hope there'll be a good many others there, too.

MRS. B. Wal, let's eat our Thanksgivin' dinner now while it's warm. We'll all be ready to eat the Christmas dinner when the time comes.

MR. B. Yes, come, everybody. (*All exeunt, children clapping hands and shouting, "Goody! Goody!"*)

CURTAIN.

## TOO MANY BOSSES.

### CHARACTERS.

MR. JOSEPH GRANT, *candidate for state senator.*

MRS. GRANT, *his wife.*

MADGE GRANT, *his daughter.*

PATRICK MCCARTHY, *a political boss.*

REPORTER.

SCENE: *A sitting room at the home of Mr. GRANT.*

MR. GRANT *is discovered seated at his desk writing.*

*Enter MADGE, R.*

MADGE (*with newspaper in hand*). Oh, pa, here's the last edition of the paper and it says your election to the Senate is expected by about a thousand plurality.

MR. G. Is that so? Let me see the paper. (*She hands paper to Mr. G., who looks at it a moment.*)

MADGE. See, right there it is. (*Points to article.*)

MR. G. Humph! Well, we're not dead sure about it yet. There are several districts still to be heard from.

MADGE. But everybody thinks you're just as good as elected anyway.

MR. G. I hope so, after all the work and worry it has cost me.

MADGE. Now we can move up into that new house on Pleasant Avenue, can't we? And we're going to have an automobile, and I can have a sealskin coat. You know you promised them if you were elected. I'm going down tomorrow and pick out the coat.

Johnson & Brown have some beautiful ones in the window.

MR. G. Well, remember that the salary of a state senator comes far short of making me a millionaire.

MADGE. But you know we'll have to put on more style and dress better than we have been doing. When I go down the street after this I expect people will be saying, "There goes Senator Grant's daughter," and I would be ashamed not to be dressed as well as our neighbors on Pleasant Avenue.

MR. G. We'll talk those things over a little later, Madge. I am quite busy now.

MADGE. I must go and tell mamma. She'll be so glad to hear the news. (*Exit R.*)

MR. G. Well, I expect that public life will have its trials. I fear my daughter's pride will not count among the least. (*A knock is heard. He goes to door.*)

*Enter* PATRICK MCCARTHY.

MR. G. Good evening, Mr. McCarthy.

MR. McC. The same to yersilf, Senator. I've come to congratulate yez on yer succiss at the polls. I suppose ye've heard that ye've been elicted or nixt thing to it? (*They shake hands.*)

MR. G. Yes, I saw by the paper that my election was considered certain, but I also noted that a few districts had not yet sent in returns.

MR. McC. Yer eliction is jist as shure as the nose on me face. Set yer moind at rist upon that pint. Those districts that have not been heard from yet always turn in a strong majority for our party. So depind upon it, it will be Hon. Joseph Grant for the nixt two years an' maybe longer accordin' to how yez plaze the people—an' incidentally the boss av the machine. (*Points significantly to himself.*)

MR. G. I sincerely hope that it will turn out as you say. You know the political situation much better than I and therefore are better able to foresee results. I



also realize that I could never have landed it without your assistance, for which I feel very grateful indeed.

MR. McC. Yer eliction is as shure as fate, an' as ye say, a great dale—in fact, iverything depinded upon mesilf. Naturally, thin, I look for a few favors in return. I may have a few bills of me own that I shall want yez to presint to the nixt legislature.

MR. G. I shall be very glad to do so.

MR. McC. An' now there's wan other thing. There' bound to be another bill presinted by somebody, so I've heard it said, an' it will be yer duty to vote for or aginst it. That bill is for the introduction uv woman's suffrage into this state. Now as a favor to mesilf I'd loike to have ye vote plumb aginst it. Will yez promise?

MR. G. I very much dislike to give a definite answer before I have even heard the bill.

MR. McC. This much about it, if that bill passes it's the death blow to our party, an' 'twould be a foolish shtep for a mon to kill the party that put him into office.

MR. G. I shall think the matter over seriously, Mr. McCarthy, and I hope our views will not clash in any way.

MR. McC. That sounds good. I knew yez were the right mon or I niver would have put yez on the ticket. But I must be goin'. I've got siveral other calls to make. Good-bye an' succiss to ye.

MR. G. Good-bye, Mr. McCarthy. (*Exit MR. McC., L.*) I begin to see more trouble ahead. But what's the use of fretting over it. I won't cross the bridge until I reach it.

*Enter MRS. GRANT, R.*

MRS. G. Madge tells me you've been elected, Joe.

MR. G. So the paper states and Mr. McCarthy says it's a sure thing, too.

MRS. G. I'm so glad of it. Now I shall be called "Mrs. Senator Grant," and I can show Mrs. Million-



aire Vandesnoozer that I am just as big a toad in the puddle as she is.

MR. G. Of course it is going to be a great honor. There isn't any doubt of that, but at the same time there will be a lot of anxiety and worry connected with it.

MRS. G. I don't see how there can be; in fact I think it will be a regular picnic. You only have to attend legislature a part of the year and then we can stop at the most fashionable hotel and mix in the very best society. I just know I shall enjoy it immensely.

MR. G. This society business you speak of is very expensive. You must consider that I haven't a fortune to fall back upon like many of our high public officials. I am even in debt for part of the campaign expenses.

MRS. G. We wouldn't think of going beyond your salary.

MR. G. I shall have a good many people to please and besides there will be *some* work. It isn't all play.

MRS. G. Well, I shall be ready to help you whenever you need it and I will be your adviser and counsellor at all times. For instance, when the woman's suffrage bill comes before the legislature I want you to vote for it. There won't be any question whatever about that.

MR. G. But Mr. McCarthy is just as determined that I shall vote against it.

MRS. G. Has he spoken to you about it already?

MR. G. Not ten minutes ago.

MRS. G. Well, let me tell you now, Mr. Grant, that if you do vote against that bill you will rue the day.

MR. G. You know, Helen, that I owe my election to Mr. McCarthy's influence. More than that, he says the passage of that bill will kill our party.

MRS. G. Fiddlesticks! It won't kill the party but it will kill the bosses and he knows it.

MR. G. It looks to me as if I were between two fires. I can't promise either side yet.

MRS. G. Well, I want it understood that you are to vote in favor of that bill, no matter what Pat McCarthy says.

*Enter MADGE.*

MADGE. Oh, pa, there's a reporter out here wants to have an interview with you.

MRS. G. My! We're getting popular already.

MR. G. Tell him to come in. (*MADGE leaves room and returns immediately followed by reporter.*)

REPORTER. Good evening, Mr. Grant. I called to see if you wished to make a statement about the result of the election.

MR. G. You may say that I wish to thank my many friends who supported me in this campaign, and that I shall perform the duties of—

REPORTER. I beg pardon, Mr. Grant, but I wonder if you have heard the latest reports.

MR. G. I have heard that the result was in my favor with the exception of several districts not heard from.

REPORTER. Well, those districts have since been heard from, and the other candidate is elected.

MADGE. What? Isn't pa going to be senator after all?

MRS. G. Is Mr. Grant defeated?

REPORTER. Yes, defeated by two hundred and fifty plurality.

MADGE. Then it is all over, mother.

MRS. G. Yes, our air castles have all burst.

MR. G. And I am happy.

MADGE. Happy? Why, father, I thought you wanted it.

MR. G. Yes, happy. (*To Reporter.*) You may say that "Mr. Grant, while he wishes to thank his many friends and supporters, is nevertheless greatly pleased at the result of the election." I have escaped the tyranny of too many bosses.

CURTAIN.

UNCLE HIRAM'S COLD.

CHARACTERS.

UNCLE HIRAM BOGGS.      AUNT MARTHA BOGGS.

ELDER MASON.              MRS. MASON.

ZEB WHITE.                MISS HENSON.

MISS PUTNEY.

SCENE: *Living room at the home of* UNCLE HIRAM.  
AUNT MARTHA *discovered sitting in rocking chair.*  
*Enter* UNCLE HIRAM, R., *carrying two wooden pails*  
*which he sets on floor at R. C.*

AUNT M. What in the world be ye goin' to do now, Hiram?

UNCLE H. Goin' to soak my feet.

AUNT M. What d'ye want of two pails?

UNCLE H. I cal'clate one of them pails is a leetle bit too small to put both feet in real comfortable-like.

AUNT M. I swan. If my feet was so big I couldn't get 'em both in one pail I'd gin up.

UNCLE H. I hain't to blame for my big feet, though it does come purty handy sometimes to have a good big understandin'. (*During the conversation he takes off his slippers and stockings and puts one foot into each pail. He has frequent attacks of coughing and sneezing during the whole scene.*)

AUNT M. Wal, you do beat all creation for gettin' queer idees into yer head. Whoever heard of soakin' their feet in two pails?

UNCLE H. I hain't a-worryin' 'bout what anybody's heerd of. I'm goin' to see if I can't get rid of this tormented cold. It's been hangin' 'round now for several days an' I don't seem to be able to get the upper hands on't nohow.

AUNT M. Wal, it's yer own fault. Ye shouldn't have gone over to Deacon Joneses in that drizzlin' rain as ye did.

UNCLE H. Now, Martha, ye know it didn't rain when I started. How'd I know 'twas goin' to set in for sech a spell of weather?

AUNT M. Then ye'd orter changed yer wet clothes when ye did get home. It pays to be kinder careful when there's so much pneumony 'round. It's an awful expensive disease to get tucked onto anyone.

UNCLE H. Ye don't s'pose I'm hankerin' for it myself, do ye? That's what I'm soakin' my feet for—to see if I can't drive it away.

AUNT M. Guess I'd better fix ye up a bowl of bone-set tea. That's 'bout as good as anything to drive a cold out of the system. (*Rises and goes toward R.*)

UNCLE H. This water hain't none too hot, Martha. I wish you'd bring me a leetle more.

AUNT M. I'll bring some right away. You sit still an' don't go to walkin' 'round with yer wet feet. (*Exit R.*)

UNCLE H. Hain't had a cold this winter till jist now an' I don't calc'late to have this any longer'n I'm obleeged to.

*Enter AUNT M. with tea kettle or large dipper from which she pours water into pails.*

UNCLE H. Now go kinder careful. Keep in mind that my feet are in there.

AUNT M. Hain't no danger of my forgettin' it. They're big enough to be seen.

UNCLE H. (*jerking feet up suddenly and resting them on the edge of pails.*) Whee! That's hot enough to take the hide off'n a rhinoceros.

AUNT M. Ye'd orter spoke sooner. Now I'll go an' fix that boneset tea. After ye get through drinkin' that ye'd better go to bed an' take a good sweat. (*Exit R.* UNCLE HIRAM *gradually gets both feet back into pails.*)

UNCLE H. I tell ye, Martha's a fust-class hand to nuss sick folks. I dunno what I'd done time I had that rheumatiz if it hadn't been for her. Jest let her



get started to fixin' up yaibs an' medicines an' she beats half the doctors in the country all holler. Sometimes she's a leetle too handy, 'cause whenever anybody gets sick within forty miles of here the fust thing they do is to send for Martha. (*Sound outside.*) Hark! There's somebody comin' now. I swow! Here I be in a pretty fix. I must get out of this someway. (*Looks about for means of escape. A knock is heard.*)

*Enter MISS HENSON and MISS PUTNEY, abruptly.*

MISS H. and MISS P. (*in doorway*). Good evening, Mrs. Boggs.

MISS H. (*Sees UNCLE H. and jumps back in afright, screaming*). O-o-oh, my! How you scared me, Mr. Boggs.

MISS P. (*disgusted*). Dear me! I'm so shocked.

UNCLE H. You ladies needn't get so excited. I hain't doin' nothin' but soakin' my feet.

*Enter AUNT M.*

AUNT M. Land sakes! What's the matter? I thought somebody was killed. Oh, it's you, ain't it, Miss Henson, an' Miss Putney, too.

MISS H. Oh, Mrs. Boggs, we thought all the time it was you sitting here or we wouldn't have walked right in.

AUNT M. There hain't no harm done if ye did come right in. Hiram's got an awful cold an' he's tryin' to cure it up. (*She throws her apron over his lap while the ladies remain.*)

UNCLE H. Tryin' to draw it down into my feet.

AUNT M. Wal, now, ye'd better lay off your things an' set down a spell.

MISS P. We can't think of doing that, Mrs. Boggs. We're selling tickets for the church fair next week. Don't you want to buy some?

AUNT M. It's jest as Hiram says.

UNCLE H. Of course we'll have to go in on that deal. How much be they?

MISS H. Twenty-five cents apiece.



UNCLE H. (*Takes money from pocket and hands to Miss H.*) Wal, here's yer money. We don't miss many church doin's.

MISS H. (*hands tickets*). Thank you. Now we must be going.

AUNT M. Don't be in a hurry.

UNCLE H. I'll try an' not scare ye out of yer wits next time ye come.

MISS P. We must go. We've got a good many other places to call this evening.

MISS H. I do hope you will get over your cold, Mr. Boggs. Better try father's remedy—mustard plaster on the outside and red pepper tea on the inside.

UNCLE H. Whee! That's a purty stiff dose.

MISS P. And if ~~that~~ doesn't help try some onion syrup and horehound.

MISS H. *and* Miss P. Well, good-bye. (*Exeunt, L.*)

UNCLE H. The idee of them women gettin' scared at my feet.

AUNT M. No wonder when a person has to use two pails. Now I must go an' see how that boneset's gettin' along. (*Exit R.*)

(*Noise outside.*)

UNCLE H. I declare; I believe there's somebody else a-comin'.

*Enter ELDER MASON and. MRS. MASON.*

UNCLE H. I swow, if 'tain't the elder an' his wife.

ELDER M. We always walk right in here just as we do at home. (*Sees UNCLE H.*) Why, Brother Boggs, what's the matter?

MRS. M. You're not sick, are you?

UNCLE H. Jest got a hard cold, that's all. Calc'late I'm goin' to fix it now, though.

ELDER M. That's a pretty good remedy. My wife always prescribes it for me, but I never tried but one pail.

*Enter AUNT M. with bowl.*

AUNT M. Here's yer boneset tea. (*Sees Mr. and Mrs. M.*) Why, Elder Mason and Mrs. Mason! I didn't hear ye come. Do sit down and stay a spell.

ELDER M. No, we can't possibly. We're on our way to Brother Miles'.

MRS. M. Thought we'd stop in an' see if you couldn't go with us, but I see it is impossible.

AUNT M. We'd like to awfully well, but Hiram's got sech a cold I don't believe we'd better. Won't ye sit down for jest a few minutes?

ELDER M. Not tonight. We'll be over some other time. Now, Brother Boggs, you'd better try my remedy—a teaspoonful of goose oil every half hour. I'll send some over.

UNCLE H. Don't put yerself to all that trouble, Elder.

ELDER M. No trouble at all. Hope you will get better soon. Good-bye. (*Mr. and Mrs. M. exeunt.*)

UNCLE H. (*drinking from bowl and making wry face.*) Purty strong, hain't it?

AUNT M. I made it jest the same as I allers do.

UNCLE H. Mebbe I was thinkin' 'bout that pepper tea an' goose oil. Wonder how many more callers we're goin' to have tonight. (*Sound outside.*) I declare if there hain't someone else comin' now, b'gosh. (*A knock.*)

*Enter ZEB WHITE, L.*

ZEB. Hello, Hi! Some ladies was jest over to my house an' said as how you was sick—didn't know but ye was goin' to have pneumony. So, thinks I, I'd orter hustle right over with my Jamaica ginger bottle. Hain't nothin' that'll knock out a cold quicker'n Jamaica ginger.

UNCLE H. I hain't got quite so bad as that yet, I guess, but I'm much obleeged to ye jest the same.

ZEB. That's all right. Bring the bottle back when ye get through with it. (*Sees pails.*) Ho! ho! Have to use two pails? That's worse'n me. I use the wash tub. Wal, I must go back home. Good-bye. (*Exit L.*)

UNCLE H. Say, Martha, I'm goin' to go into the kitchen an' finish this business 'fore the hull town gets here. If anybody else comes tell 'em I'm goin' to bed. An' for pity's sake tell 'em we don't want to hear of any more cold medicines. (*He proceeds toward R. by lifting each pail alternately and setting it forward.* AUNT M. *follows with bowl.*)

AUNT. M. Wal, if that hain't the queerest way of walkin' I ever see in my born days.

## UNCLE JONAS' WHISKERS.

### CHARACTERS.

UNCLE JONAS.

AUNT BETSY.

CHARLES }  
BERT } *Nephews.*  
HENRY }

UNCLE JONAS *wears long white whiskers made of crepe hair and fastened to face with spirit gum or adhesive plaster. During the operation of "shaving" the hair is loosened.*

SCENE: *A sitting room.*

UNCLE JONAS *is discovered seated.*

*Enter CHARLES, BERT and HENRY.*

BOYS. Hello! Uncle Jonas!

JONAS. What's the rumpus now, boys?

CHARLES. Pa sent us over to see if you wanted us to help cut that grain.

JONAS. No, I ain't goin' to cut it this afternoon. It's most too wet. I've got something else for ye to cut, though, that don't depend on the weather.

BERT. What is it, Uncle Jonas? Stove wood?

JONAS. No, it's a leetle bit in the barber line.

HENRY. Oh, you want your hair cut. Well, Bert's the best hand at that.

JONAS. That ain't it. I'm figurin' on havin' my whiskers cut off.

CHARLES. What? You don't mean it, Uncle?

JONAS. Yes, I do. I ain't had 'em cut clean off before in forty years, but I'm goin' to have it done now.

HENRY. What will Aunt Betsy say to it?

JONAS. She ain't to home. She's gone down to Mis' Dusenberry's this afternoon an' I count on s'prisin' her when she gets back.

BERT. Gee! She'll be surprised all right.

JONAS. Ye see it's jist like this. I promised Bige Slocum if ever he found anybody foolish enough to marry him I'd have my whiskers cut off slick an' clean, an' now he's done it I'm goin' to keep my word. (*Substitute any local hit if desired, as, for instance, "If ..... ever got elected ..... of this town."*)

BOYS. Ho! ho! That's the reason, is it?

CHARLES. What'll we do for a razor?

JONAS. I've got a razor an' everything ready. I'll bring 'em in here. (*Leaves room and returns with immense wooden razor, strop, mug with water, brush, etc.*) Here they be. Now you can get to work as quick as you're a mind to. (*Boys pick up razor and begin to laugh as they examine it.*)

BERT. What do you call this, Uncle Jonas.

JONAS. That's an awful old-fashioned razor, but it's got mighty good stuff in it. It's one your great-grandfather used to have. I don't s'pose ye ever saw anything like it, did ye?

HENRY. No; why it's big enough to shave an elephant.

JONAS. Wal, I guess ye'd better set to work, boys, so's to get all done 'fore Betsy gets home. (*He sits in chair.*)

CHARLES. All right, we'll begin work at once. (*Business of stropping razor, making lather, lathering face, etc., follows.*)

BERT (*with razor*). Let's do all of one side first and then we'll do the other.

HENRY. I'll bet it's going to be an awful tough job.

CHARLES. Say, hadn't we better do it on shares? I've read that hair is worth a lot of money, sometimes as much as ten dollars.

BERT. I'll bet there's enough here to make some woman a good-sized switch.

JONAS. You needn't go to figurin' on sellin' it. I'm goin' to give it to Betsy for a keepsake.

BERT. Gee whilikins! This is the toughest job I've struck in a good while. Worse'n cutting down underbrush.

CHARLES. Say, Uncle Jonas, what do you use for fertilizer to make your whiskers grow so well?

JONAS. Hey?

CHARLES. What do you do to make 'em grow?

JONAS. Wal, sir, I've found that three hearty meals of good plain victuals every day an' six days of hard work in a week is about as good tonic for the hair or whiskers as anything I can find. If you don't believe it jest try it an' see.

BERT. There! That side's all done. (*Boys stand about examining their work.*) Isn't it slick?

CHARLES (*handing JONAS a mirror from table.*) Look, Uncle, and see what you think of it.

JONAS. Fust-rate. Just about as good as a barber could do it.

BERT. Now let's do the other side. (*They strop the razor and lather the face as before. Just as they get started someone outside calls, "Fire! Fire!"*)

HENRY. Hark, boys! What's that?

A VOICE (*outside calls*) "John Burke's barn is on fire!"

BERT. John Burke's barn is on fire.

JONAS (*jumping up*). What's that? John Burke's barn?

CHARLES. Yes, and we'll have to go, Uncle, but we'll come back and finish our job soon's we can. (*Boys rush out.*)



JONAS. Wal, I declare. Here I be in a pretty scrape, with one side of my face shaved clean as a whistle an' t'other side with whiskers a foot long. I can't go to the fire like this, an' I can't shave the other side of my face 'cause my hand gets to shakin' so whenever I try to do anything of that kind. Betsy's jest as liable to pop in any time, too. (*Sound of footsteps outside.*) I swan, that's her now. What'll I do? (*Steps behind screen or drapery or off stage.*)

*Enter* AUNT BETSY.

AUNT B. Jonas! Jonas! Where be ye?

JONAS. What d'ye want, Betsy?

BETSY. Don't you know that John Burke's barn is all afire? They want everybody they can get to go an' help put it out.

JONAS. Why don't ye go, then?

BETSY. Me go? I ain't a man. Mr. Dusenberry's gone an' all the other men. They sent me over to tell you.

JONAS. Wal, let 'em go. I can't go jest now.

BETSY. What ails ye? Are ye sick?

JONAS. N-no, but circumstances are sech that I can't leave the house.

BETSY. Do come out an' let's see what's the matter. What be ye hidin' in there for? (*UNCLE JONAS emerges from concealment and faces AUNT BETSY.*) My land! What a lookin' critter you are. What ails your whiskers?

JONAS. Wal, ye know that wager I made with Bige Slocum 'bout his gettin' married? I didn't calc'late that he'd ever be able to find anybody to have him, but he did, an' 'twouldn't be honorable for me not to do jest as I agreed. So when the boys came over today I set 'em at it.

BETSY. For my part, I think it's jest as honorable to back out of payin' a bet as 'tis to make one. But if I was goin' to have 'em cut at all I'd have all done to once. Are ye doin' it on the installment plan?

JONAS. No, but someone hollered "Fire!" an' the boys had to leave 'fore 'twas finished.

BETSY. Wal, you ain't goin' to stay to home an' let that barn burn down. 'Tain't right. You've got to go, whiskers or no whiskers.

JONAS. You don't expect me to go lookin' like this, do ye?

BETSY. Wal, you wait an' I'll fix 'em. (*Gets shears and cuts them off close to face.*) There! They don't look quite so bad. Now hustle an' don't ever make any more such outlandish wagers again. (JONAS hurries off stage.)

CURTAIN.

## WHAT BECAME OF THE FALSE TEETH.

### CHARACTERS.

MR. JENKINS.

MRS. JENKINS.

DR. FLINT.

AUNT MANDY.

SCENE: *A sitting room.*

MRS. JENKINS *discovered seated.*

*Enter MR. JENKINS, excited.*

MR. J. Haven't seen anything of my false teeth, have you, Laura?

MRS. J. Goodness, no, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Why, have you lost yours?

MR. J. I've been looking all over and I can't find them. I—I think maybe I've swallowed them.

MRS. J. Mercy sakes! You don't really think so, do you? You're joking.

MR. J. No, I actually begin to think so. I've got a pain in my stomach and it keeps getting worse and worse all the time.

MRS. J. It doesn't seem possible that you could swallow your false teeth. Where did you have them last?

MR. J. That's just what puzzles me. I can't remember whether I took them out just after breakfast or not, and if I did take them out, I can't think for the life of me where I put them.

MRS. J. Have you looked on the table in the dining room?

MR. J. Yes.

MRS. J. And on the sideboard?

MR. J. Yes, I'm sure they're not there.

MRS. J. Possibly they dropped on the floor.

MR. J. They're not there, either. I got down on all fours and examined it thoroughly.

MRS. J. Have you looked through all your pockets?

MR. J. Yes, I've looked through every pocket and there's not a sign of a tooth. I'm sure now that I didn't take them out of my mouth, so I must have swallowed them. (*Groans.*)

MRS. J. Well, I'll send Aunt Mandy right over for the doctor. I'm glad he lives next door. (*Goes to door and calls.*) Aunt Mandy!

AUNT M. (*entering*). Did yo' done call me, Mis' Jones?

MRS. J. Yes, Aunt Mandy, run over and tell Dr. Flint to come over at once. Mr. Jones is very sick.

AUNT M. Lord a-Massy, I gwine git de doctor-man ober here in de jerk of a lamb's tail. (*Hurries out.*)

MR. J. (*groaning*). I can feel them working around in there now.

MRS. J. Lucky you didn't have only one set to swallow. They might have bitten through.

MR. J. (*groaning*). If you felt as bad as I do you wouldn't be trying to crack jokes. It grows worse every minute.

*Enter DR. FLINT.*

DR. F. Hello, what's the matter here?

MR. J. I have such a pain in my stomach. (*Groans.*)

DR. F. What's the trouble? Been eating something you hadn't ought to?

MRS. J. Oh, doctor, he thinks he's swallowed his false teeth.

DR. F. He thinks so? Well, great Cæsar! Don't he *know* it? Anyone ought to know whether they've swallowed a set of molars or not.

MRS. J. But, you see, he's got into the habit of eating so fast and not chewing his food well, that I don't suppose he would notice it if he did swallow them.

DR. F. Well, anyone that makes a practice of swallowing chunks of food as big as a set of false teeth must have a stomach made of boiler iron.

MR. J. (*groaning*). But what shall I do about it? I can't stand this much longer?

DR. F. (*to MRS. J.*) Bring me a quart of warm water and some mustard and I think we can bring them to light again. (*MRS. J. hurries off stage.*) I'll see if there are any complicating symptoms. (*Feels pulse.*) Pulse is a trifle fast. Let me see your tongue. (*MR. J. shows tongue.*)

*Enter MRS. J. with water and mustard seed.*

MRS. J. Is there enough, doctor?

DR. F. Yes, that will do? (*Pours large quantity of "mustard" into bowl and after stirring it well, hands it to MR. J.*) Here, drink this quick. (*MR. J. pretends to drink. Groans frequently.*) In fifteen minutes take another dose. I'll be over again in half an hour and see how things are going. (*Starts toward door.*)

*Enter AUNT MANDY, hurriedly.*

AUNT M. I reckon I'se done foun' somefin' mebbe yo' folkses 'll be mighty int'rested in.

MRS. J. Well, what is it, Aunt Mandy?

AUNT M. Yo' know dat ol' Fido dog w'at b'long to Mistah Benson? Well, I jes' kotched him stealin' somefin' out ob de garbage can whar de table leavin's was emptied, an' w'en I done hit him wid a chunk

ob stove wood, dis yere is wat he done dropped. (*She holds up largest set of false teeth that can be found.*)

DR. F. (*laughing heartily*). Ho! ho! ho! It's my opinion you'll begin to improve right away, but take the advice of a physician and after this chew your food fine enough so you will know whether you swallow your chewing apparatus or not.

AUNT M. Fo' de lan' sake! Dat beats anyting I eber heerd ob. My ol' man done swallowed a silber dollar one time, but he ain't nebber got so fur as to swallow his false teef.

MRS. J. I do hope it will teach you a lesson, John, not to eat in such double-quick time.

MR. J. I feel a hundred per cent better already. That mustard seemed to do the business.

CURTAIN.

## WHY THE MISSION FAILED.

### CHARACTERS.

JOSHUA BINKS, *storekeeper at the Corners.*

HENRY BIGGS }  
LEM FLETCHER } *Old-timers.*

AL. TUPPER }  
JOHN MINOR } *Younger men.*

MRS. WIGGINS }  
MRS. GREENE } *Committee of the Anti-Gossip*  
MRS. HASCON } *Society.*

SCENE: *Front of JOSHUA BINKS' grocery store.*

JOSHUA is discovered standing in doorway. HENRY, LEM, AL. and JOHN are seated on boxes, nail kegs, etc.

AL. Been much of anything going on around the Corners today, Josh?

JOSH. Wal, we had a hoss trade for one thing.

AL. Did, eh? Who's been trading today?



JOSH. Zeb White an' Myron Hanson. Zeb swapped off that old white nag of his'n an' got forty dollars to boot.

JOHN. Whew! You don't say. I'll bet Myron'll be sick of his bargain after he's drove it a couple of times.

JOSH. Mebbe his gal Lucy can use it to take her an' her man on their weddin' trip next month.

LEM. What weddin' trip's that, Josh?

JOSH. Why, hain't you heerd how she's goin' to be married to that feller from Boston? Let's see—it's three weeks from tomorrer.

LEM. Wal, that's news to me, though I guess everybody's expected 'twould happen 'fore long.

HENRY. That won't be the only weddin' in the course of a few weeks, either.

AL. Why, who else is going to jump off, Henry?

HENRY. I heard today that Sam Ferguson an' Miss Ketchum had the day already set.

JOHN. Are you sure about that, Henry?

HENRY. I got it pretty middlin' straight. You know Peleg Wright's gal works up to the Fergusons on Saturdays. Wal, t'other day she heard 'em talkin' about it, an' course she allers tells Mis' Dolby everything she hears. That was too much of a secret for Mis' Dolby to keep, so she told Mis' Smithers an' Mis' Smithers told Aunt Martha Boggs an' Aunt Martha told my wife, an' there you are.

JOSH. Gosh! That's as straight as the rows in Uncle Hiram's tater patch.

LEM. Wal, I heard some news today that caps the climax.

AL. What's that, Lem?

LEM. They say that old Squire Baker's goin' to foreclose the mortgage on Dan Brooks' farm.

JOHN. You don't say.

LEM. An' Dan's goin' to have an auction 'fore long an' sell off everything he's got.

AL. What's he going to do then?

LEM. Talkin' of goin' West where his brother lives.

JOSH. I guess we'll all be sorry to lose Dan. He's an all-fired good neighbor.

HENRY. It does beat all what a lot of changes there's been right around this neighborhood in the past year.

AL. That's so, and if anyone wants to hear what is going on just as soon as it's happened they can always do it right down here to Josh's store.

LEM. My wife allers says she hears more news when I get home than she could read in a half a dozen newspapers.

HENRY. It's my opinion the men can't hold a candle to the women when it comes to spreadin' news.

JOSH. You're jest right, Henry. The women's society would take first prize.

JOHN. That was before they started the Anti-Gossip Society.

JOSH. Wal, 'twixt you an' me, they hain't improved much of any to speak of since.

AL. Talk about the evil ones and they're always sure to be around. Here's a lot of women coming now. (*All look up the road, R.*)

HENRY. Wonder what's goin' on. I hain't heard of any socials or funerals.

LEM. Most likely they're comin' after bargains. Better trot out your cheap calicer an' gingham aprons, Josh.

*Enter MRS. W., MRS. G. and MRS. H. R.*

JOSH. Good evenin', ladies. Something I can do for you?

MRS. W. No, we're not out to trade, Mr. Binks.

JOSH. Oh, I see. You're out for a leetle stroll. Mighty nice evenin' for it.

MRS. W. We're not out for pleasure either. You see the reason we're here is—maybe you'd better tell them, Mrs. Greene.

MRS. G. Well, then, we're members of the Anti-Gossip Society.

MEN. O-o-oh! (*All appear interested.*)

MRS. G. And we have been appointed as a delegation to wait upon you men.

JOSH. That's something new, hain't it? Women generally want the men to wait on them.

MRS. W. Well, this is different. There's no use beating about the bush. We'll speak plainly. We've been sent here for the purpose of trying to break up these nightly gatherings at which you men come just on purpose to sit and gossip.

AL. I think you're mistaken, Mrs. Wiggins. Your society has been misinformed.

MRS. W. Not a bit of it. It has become a well-known fact, throughout the whole community, hasn't it, ladies?

LADIES. Yes, yes, it has.

MRS. W. And so you see we are determined to put a stop to it.

HENRY. Wal, Mrs. Wiggins, I'm afraid you'll have an awful hard job doin' it—about as hard a job as I had to stop my wife from buyin' that ten-dollar hat down in Miss Johnson's window. 'Twas a total failure.

MRS. H. What? you don't mean to say your wife has bought that hat?

HENRY. That's about the size on't—couldn't stop her no way.

MRS. H. Oh, dear, that was just the hat I was going to buy. Now what shall I do?

HENRY. Heard my wife say that Miss Ketchum was buyin' a hat the same day. I s'pose likely it's to wear on her weddin' trip. I hear they're goin' to spend their honeymoon in Canada.

MRS. W. Wedding trip? Honeymoon? Miss Ketchum going to be married? I am surprised.

MRS. G. Really, I never thought they'd ever come to the point of marrying one another.

MRS. H. Well, I must say I don't think Mary Ketchum will better herself any by taking Sam Ferguson. She might better stay single.

MRS. W. They do say he misused his first wife dreadfully. (*During the conversation the men slip away one by one. JOSH goes into the store at rear and the others at R.*)

MRS. G. It does seem a pity she can't have a real good man. She's waited long enough to get one.

MRS. W. Now I come to think of it, I'll bet that was her dress Miss Brown was making last week. She didn't seem to want to tell, but I'm going to ask her tomorrow point blank.

MRS. H. There's always some excitement—something to talk about—if we didn't belong to the Anti-Gossip Society.

MRS. W. (*noticing absence of men*). Why, of all things! Look here, ladies. Those men have all skipped out while we were—while our attention was called away. (*Ladies appear surprised.*)

MRS. H. The idea! Now we'll have to report that our mission was a failure.

MRS. W. But what shall we give as the reason?

MRS. G. We'd better own up to the truth, and say that we fell into their trap—that we are just as big gossips as they are.

CURTAIN.





# Good Things for Thanksgiving

By MARIE IRISH.

As long as the years shall roll around, bringing us the ever welcome Thanksgiving Day, there will be a demand for material for Thanksgiving programs. Fifty-eight original Recitations, Monologues, Dialogues, Pantomimed Songs, Motion Songs, Drills and Plays. The great popularity of "Good things for Christmas" by the same author is a sufficient recommendation for this volume. It is exceptionally bright and clever and the selections cover all ages.

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Why Be Thankful.  
Why We Should Be Thankful.  
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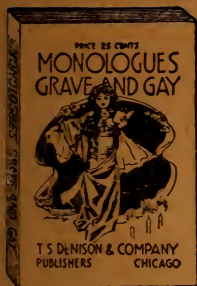
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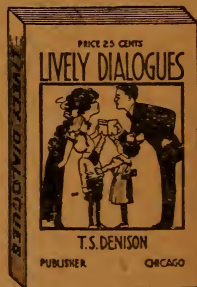
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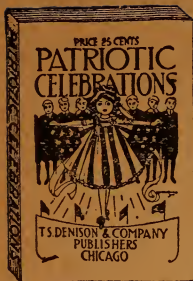
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